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St. Louis, Thursday, October 31, 1901

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# THE MIRROR

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WEEKLY  
JOURNAL  
REFLECTING  
THE  
INTERESTS OF  
THINKING  
PEOPLE

WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.

# The Mirror.

VOL. 11—No. 38.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## IN THE HIGHER BOHEMIA.

ACCEDING to the wishes of a number of persons who enjoyed the anonymous serial that ran through the MIRROR this summer, the publisher of this paper will issue shortly an attractive edition of that remarkable novel,

### "THE IMITATOR."

The book is generally understood to be a key novel; that is, the characters chiefly figuring in the story are supposed to be thinly disguised portraiture of distinguished, conspicuous, or notorious public personages. In this case a startling study of a society celebrity is supposed to be an analysis, or rather a merciless vivisection, of that weird and wonderful creature, Harry Lehr, whose antics have long amused and amazed the swell set of Gotham. A presentation, in this book, of a society novelist is guessed by the initiated to have reference particularly to the individuality of the distinguished Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, once of Chicago. But probably the most poignantly interesting treatment of an involved, intricate, unexpected and peculiar individuality is that of the great actor whose personality is temporarily usurped by the hero of the novel. There is a depth to this study that is wonderful. The character is that of a man singularly like Mr. Richard

Mansfield, and in its delineation the most satisfactory of all attempts to explain the mystery that is Mansfield is made by the author. The three living personages thus analyzed are public characters and the public will be interested to see the hidden springs of their being revealed. Aside from these character studies, the story-satire is full of clever, searching, smart criticism upon society, art, the stage, literature. There are several passages of love-making that are done in the finest style of the epigrammatic mood. All in all, THE IMITATOR is such a novel as has not been written before in this country. It is excessively up-to-date, and its tone is exactly that of the mad, antic world of the higher Bohemia, where Society and Letters and Art mix in a strange hodge-podge of brilliantly exotic artificiality.

Needless to say that the workmanship in the book-making will be of the best and up to the superior quality of the story-satire itself. The author chooses for the present, at least, to remain anonymous.

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## REFLECTIONS.

### Schley's Vindication

EAR ADMIRAL SCHLEY has vindicated himself before the people, whatever the Naval Court may say. His own story of the fight and the events before and after it bears the stamp of truth and brings to nothingness the contrivances against him of the Navy Ring, in Washington. Schley won the Santiago sea fight and he won it upon his own responsibility, to a larger extent than many of us supposed. The case against him so far as cowardice is concerned has been absolutely smashed and in the matter of disobedience of orders the accusation is certainly not proven. The Navy Ring, at Washington, with its social and political pull, has received a jolt it will not soon forget. But though Rear Admiral Schley has been vindicated that is no reason why there should be started for him a boom for the Democratic nomination for President. He will undoubtedly be a popular hero for some time to come, but he is not, therefore, good presidential timber. A party that wouldn't stand for Dewey's candidacy for President will not stand for Schley.

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### The President and the Negro

ELSEWHERE in this issue, is printed an article by Mr. S. O. Howes, of Galveston, Tex., entitled "Roosevelt and the South," in reference to the now famous dinner with Booker T. Washington. Mr. Howes writes with kindness towards the President, but his argument is, like all the rest of those laments from the South on this subject, practically worthless. The South is "offended." That is the gist of the matter. It is not the South's reason that is "offended." It is only the South's prejudice that is offended. The South would impose upon the rest of the country that prejudice, that unreasoning prejudice, which condemns all men because they are black and without any regard for individual qualities. That won't go down with the rest of the country. The people generally will not stand for any such prejudice. They see only that Booker T. Washington is a worthy man, entitled to respect and honor, and they do not quarrel with the President for honoring him in the way the President deemed fit. The argument against President Roosevelt is all bosh and flubdub. The claim that the President's treatment of Washington will make Southern blacks presume upon white people is not substantiated. We have heard of nothing of the sort as yet. The cry that "the President has insulted the South" is foolish. If the South is insulted because a man of brains and character and philanthropic educational achievement is shown the respect due to those things, then the South prefers barbarism to civilization. The South's outcry on this matter is

puerile. The claim that the President believes in the equality of negroes and whites is absurd. And the whole shriek is ridiculous when we reflect that the South observes, without a thought, intimacies with negroes that people in the North would revolt at. This does not refer to the mixed blood scandal at all, but rather to the intimacies between servants and masters, that are closer than any such intimacy ever becomes established in the North. The prettily written article by Mr. Howes contains not a scintilla of logic, that I can see. It takes a great deal for granted that is not at all evident. The article is of moderate tone, but it ignores the fact that the South has the negro question in its own hands, and can settle it as it pleases. The President's predecessor, whose policy President Roosevelt is pledged to follow, inaugurated the policy of no Federal interference in the matter of depriving the negro in the South of the suffrage. This policy practically acknowledges the evils of indiscriminate equality and it permits the South to regulate the matter in its own way. That policy does not threaten the South with social equality for the negro, because it strikes directly at even a lower form of equality—political equality. To accuse the President of trying to enforce the higher form of equality in the South is rank lunacy. The President has honored a great man of black skin. The head and front of his offending hath this extent—no more. The man the President honored agrees with the South that political equality and social equality for the negro are not now desirable. He so tells those people who are expected to insist upon being treated by all whites as he has been by the President. No negro has taken advantage of the incident to utter such things as have fallen from the filthy lips of that political blackguard and scoundrel, Tillman. Tillman says a thousand niggers will have to be killed because the President dined Washington. That is the utterance of a savage and an anarchist and puts Tillman on an intellectual and moral plane infinites beneath Booker Washington and on a level with some of the lust-mad wretches over whose lawless execution the Senator is wont to gloat. Who doesn't prefer Booker Washington to Tillman for every quality that goes to make up a man? Tillman represents the ruffianism of prejudice of which Mr. Howes' article is the expression of the cultured and refined South. We all know that social equality for the negro in the South is not to be thought of and that President Roosevelt has no thought of such a thing. The South simply gives way to its fear and prejudice when it generalizes, as it has, from the President's action. It is only necessary to repeat that the President's party has agreed to let the South settle the race question for itself, and the South, in a spirit of fairness, should be willing that the President should invite to his table anyone that he pleases to invite, so long as that person is decent and represents, individually and officially, all the things for which civilization in its highest aspirations is the synonym.

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### Buller

SIR REDVERS BULLER is one of the wonders of the world. He is a rank military failure, but the English people almost unanimously resent his deposition from an important army position. Buller blundered and was beaten in everything he attempted in South Africa. He advised the surrender of Ladysmith. He acted like a wooden-head generally, yet for all this the English people seem to love him. His only good quality is his bluff honesty. He admits that he advised White to surrender Ladysmith, but says he did so for no other reason than that if White found it necessary to capitulate he could lay the blame upon Buller, his superior officer. White did not surrender. Nevertheless, the British people like Buller for his gen-

## The Mirror

ous desire to share the blame of a disaster, if one should come. Buller is buller than John Bull—and that's the secret of the hold he has on the British, even in disgrace. He represents the fellow who blunders through things somehow, and it is that blundering through things somehow that the British take to be their highest quality as world-dominators. Buller is as typical of the British as Henley's poem of "Storm-along John." Kitchener is a greater Buller, and no more. Roberts has more tact, but still he relies mainly upon the tactics of wearing out the enemy chiefly by wearing out his own force. Buller is the British tactician in that he has no tact or tactics. He is what might be called a duffer, but the British public like him for that he is a sort of Dr. Samuel Johnson in uniform.

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### Handwriting on the Wall

THAT decision by the Illinois Supreme Court in favor of taxing franchise values of quasi-public corporations is "the hand-writing on the wall"—to use a hackneyed metaphor. The courts are catching up with the people. The lawyers are gradually learning from the layman. The doctrine of Henry George, that the earth belongs to the people and that the gathering of people on certain portions of the earth give it value which privileged users thereof should pay back in small measure to the people, is coming into vogue. And the Illinois Supreme Court falls in line with the doctrine, after a fight made by two poor, little Chicago school-marms, who felt that if the corporations paid their share of taxes school-marms' salaries could be increased. The Illinois decision declares in favor of taxing franchises at a fair cash value. Hitherto it has been the custom to appraise only the tangible things of corporations. It is now realized that corporations should be assessed upon their franchise and good-will. The corporations will have to come to time on this proposition. The greatest corporationist in St. Louis, interested in gas, electricity, street railroads, steam railroads, water power rights, banks, trust companies, real-estate syndicates, asserts that there is no getting away from two things that are coming—the income tax and the franchise tax. The people will insist upon being adequately paid for the privileges they bestow upon a few. The taxation of corporations will grow heavier, but the taxation of corporations cannot be made adequate until all taxation is made fairer. The quasi-public corporations don't pay enough taxes, but they pay as much proportionately as other corporations, not quasi-public, are made to pay. The gas companies, street railroads, etc., pay as much as some of the big stores and factories, in proportion. When all taxation is made fair there will be no heavy burden upon any interest. At present the danger that will delay the enforcement of just taxation upon quasi-public corporations lies in the fact that an endeavor is made to discriminate against such corporations. If all property were assessed on the same fair cash value basis there would be no difficulty. The Illinois law, however, helps the cause of taxing privileges most effectively. It asserts the authority to tax intangible values, like franchises and good-will, and to tax them at a value other than nominal. The war for fair taxation has begun and the people will win in the end. The quasi-public corporations must submit. The courts are powerless to protect them against the public opinion that feels that the public is entitled to compensation for privileging the corporations to make money off the public by the control of utilities that are valuable only because the public is here. Henry George is writing many a decision in the courts these days, though the members of the courts do not dream that they are following that "fanatic." The Pierpont Morgan of St. Louis is right when he sits in his office and tells his able attorneys: "Don't try to fool me with your law-talk. The income tax and the franchise tax are coming and coming hard, because they're right and the people want them, and no court can hold out against the common opinion of the people." The capitalist of to-day is wise. If he doesn't see anything else, he sees that income tax and franchise taxation are measures that tend to relieve him of competitors and strengthen him in the monopolies he now holds. The plutocrat is naturally falling into

line with the reformers. He is not in favor of any more grafts, such as plutocrats had in the past. And soon you'll observe that judges who render the more extreme socialistic opinions, that some of them who even doubt the Dartmouth College decision are the men who were nominated and elected by street car, gas works, steam railroad money. The phenomenon is not new. The nobles of France dallied with democracy and republicanism until they were brought to the block. Our wealthy men are becoming Socialists to solidify themselves with the public. They will find that the reforms they now support will eventually lead to their despoiling. The rich American capitalist is now trying to take advantage of reforms, such as here treated of, and to protect himself against adventurers such as he was himself, to entrench himself more strongly by putting the Government in partnership with him in various ways. But he will find the trick in vain. The people will eventually take from him all he has and obliterate him and his enterprises. The wise plutocrat knows the game to the limit. The end of the game is to be his elimination. And he is getting ready to have as good a time as possible during the period in which governmental grasp of all public utilities may be delayed.

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### Protection Wobbles

THE sacred cause of Protection is wofully wobbling. Reciprocity is the coming policy. The highly protected industries protest, but they protest in vain. The public is "onto" the highly protected industries that monopolize home markets and "soak" the home buyer for twice what the foreign buyer has to pay for the same article. The home buyer is looking out for himself and the "balance of trade" flubdub doesn't appeal to him. That great, one might almost say, that rabid Republican paper, the *Chicago Record-Herald*, sees clearly what is coming. It says we must have reciprocity "since it stops far short of that general revision which is absolutely sure to be forced through if reciprocity is not. The people simply will not submit to those rates of the Dingley law which are no longer necessary for revenue or protection." The tariff beneficiaries, however, cannot see the point as the *Record-Herald* sees it. Reciprocity, they feel, can't inevitably work in the way they would have it work. They don't see how, if the foreigner cuts off the tariff on American goods, and the American cuts off the tariff on foreign goods, the American is going to have the best of it. That is what the tariff beneficiaries want: to keep foreign goods out of this country while their goods are let in duty free in foreign countries. The home buyer is the tariff beneficiary's great graft. He is worth all the foreign trade in the world. It is going to be difficult to show the tariff beneficiary how changes "can be made where they will do no real harm to any home producer, and yet in such a way that they will increase the foreign markets for other home producers." Those things that "give all sides the best of it" are not so easily done. President McKinley's idea, according to the *Record-Herald*, was that "if some of our tariffs are not needed for revenue or protection, they may be so employed as to promote our sales abroad." In other words, we are to give up something we don't want and can't use, and will be of no use to the other fellow, while he will let down the bars that keep us from his clover patch. As if all the rest of the world were fools! Reciprocity of that sort is a fake and a confidence game. It is, at an even better level of dealing, a mere makeshift. There is nothing will bring normal conditions in the world's business and commerce but free trade, trade that leaves business to the operation of natural laws.

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### Prohibited Books

A SUNDAY paper has published a list of the books that are not freely circulated by the St. Louis Public Library. The list includes the works of Honore de Balzac, Giovanni Boccaccio, Mrs. M. E. Braddon, Bertha M. Clay, Alphonse Daudet, Daniel De Foe, Mrs. Eliza Ann Dupuy, Henry Fielding, Gustave Flaubert, Emile Gaboriau, Caroline Lee Hentz, Ouida, Amelie Rives, George Sand, Mrs. Georgia Sheldon, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Mrs.

Ann S. Stephens, Laurence Sterne, Eugene Sue, Mrs. Henry Wood, Zola, and the following special books, "War Trail," "Lone Ranch," "Wild Hunters" and "Wild Life," by H. Mayne Reid; "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain; "Quo Vadis," by Henry Sienkiewicz, "Ernest Maltravers," and "Alice" by Bulwer; "Gil Blas," by Le Sage; "Manon Lescaut," by Prevost; "Lena Rivers," and "Chateau d'Or," by Mary J. Holmes. An odd jumble indeed. Several persons have written this paper for an expression of opinion on the list. The MIRROR's opinion is, that, in so far as the Public Library is mainly a library from which children draw their books, the Library management is wise in prohibiting the circulation of most, if not all, of those books. The books are not refused to adults, as the MIRROR understands the situation. There must be some regulation of the reading of young persons, especially of the reading of young persons whose parents are likely to find fault with the character of the books brought home. There is no criticism to make of this *index expurgatorius*, in so far as it applies only to the young, but if there be anything bad in the books named as prohibited, the paper publishing the list has taken the surest means of making certain that the people from whom the Library board keep them shall see them. The prohibited works are all easily purchasable. They are made more desirable by being stamped as prohibited. The boys and girls will get them, and will revel in those things in the books that are the worst. The publication of the list has done no good to anyone. It nullifies the efforts of the Library management to keep the book list clean, and it brings to the attention of many, who might otherwise remain in ignorance of it, a choice selection of filth and trash. The MIRROR does not agree that all the books on the list are bad. It does believe that the list is not one a father or mother would like to find marked out as a course of reading for a son or a daughter.

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### Hubbard and Czolgosz

THE MIRROR received the appended telegram, Monday morning, in reference to an article signed *Jelby* and entitled "Is Hubbard Decadent?" in last week's issue of this paper.

EAST AURORA, N. Y., Oct. 26th.

*The Mirror*, St. Louis, Mo.

In implying that I have justified the crime of Czolgosz you have unintentionally wronged me. Please disabuse your readers of this idea.

Elbert Hubbard.

The reference to Czolgosz in the article in question had no relation to Mr. Hubbard. The writer simply declared that his grief over the alleged decadence of Hubbard could only be compared with the shock it would give one who admired Charles Dudley Warner to find that Warner "justified the infamy of Czolgosz." Mr. Hubbard does not believe in Czolgosz.

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### Horse Show Ethics and Aesthetics

THIS is Horse Show week in St. Louis, and the people should turn out and make the show a big success. The men who have put their money and energy into the enterprise deserve the appreciation of the public. All healthy people should love good horses. They are beautiful, intelligent creatures and they represent in their perfection the best qualities that man can develop in the inferior creation. The horse, at his best, is an animal that man can learn from. His deportment and form are matters of self-restraint under discipline, a thing as important to man as to any horse. The horse that does what he is expected to do and does it to the best of his ability is worthy of emulation by his masters at all times. The pleasure that the horse gives man is an innocent one. It is a pleasure that has no root in the infliction of pain upon the animal. It consists mainly in extracting from the creature pleasing forms of usefulness. The fashion or society feature of the Horse Show is commendable enough. It is good to see the ladies in their lovely gowns, but the merit of the Horse Show is more than that to the person who looks for inner meanings. One who will go to the Horse Show with open eyes will see in the performances of the animals there

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evidence of the truth of evolution, evidence that intelligence may be developed measurably from mere instinct. He will see something in the horse that the animal has taken from man, something that contact with man has educated in the horse. He will see in the finely trained beast the symptoms of a consciousness of merit in the creature's action or appearance. He will see how much more wonderful the animal is than any machine foolishly designed to displace it. He will find object lessons of gracefulness in the action of the animals, and fine intimations of some sort of kinship in all the beings of creation. Those persons who exhibit horses are not engaged in a vain pursuit. They make something to blossom where nothing blossomed before. They are improving upon Nature by developing higher qualities in the brutes they train. They are doing something for the animals and doing something for themselves. Above all things else, of benefit that one may take away from the Horse Show, is the realization of the crime of cruelty to the animals. One feels, at least, that such animals must be treated kindly, if for no other reason than because of respect for ourselves, which points out the evil effects upon ourselves of maltreatment of the beasts that are so willing to do our will when we make them aware of it. The Horse Show is worth while, not only for whatever impetus it may give to horse-breeding, horse-selling, harness-making, carriage-making etc., not only for its value as a spectacle of society in its war-paint and feathers, but because it has a moral value, as indicated above, and a decided aesthetic value in that it encourages us in the love of beautiful things even while we make them highly useful. The horse is worthy all the good things that have been said of him, from Homer and Job down to David Gray or the author of "Black Beauty." Men and women who visit the Horse-Show with their intelligence on watch will not only think better of the horses but of themselves. Therefore the MIRROR advises its local readers to attend the interesting exhibition for the pleasure of discovering, with the aid of the hints here given, the ethical and aesthetic values of an institution supposed to be about equally frivolous and commercial.

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### A World's Fair Hold-Up

WHILE some of the papers are denouncing Col. El. Butler for various crimes and misdemeanors they carefully evade one transaction with Butler to which they were parties. They stood for Butler's hold up of the World's Fair management to pass the Charter Amendments. They were bluffed into believing that unless Butler "got the dough" the Charter Amendments would be defeated. And they know that Butler got \$15,000 to "distribute" among the politicians on election day. The World's Fair management "coughed," and Butler points to the victory for the amendments as being worth the price the World's Fair people paid for it. The daily papers knew of this hold-up. They knew that Butler was to be paid. They didn't say a word about it. But they may have to say something later, when the inference gets abroad that the \$15,000 was paid to stuff the amendments through. Our very reputable citizens and newspapers are very strong against boodle schemes that they are not in with, against all corruption by which they do not profit. What have they to say of the hold-up of the World's Fair for \$15,000?

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### Houston's New Paper

THE New Southwest is finding voice in a new daily paper at Houston, Texas, known as the *Chronicle*. It is a two cent paper. Its appearance on the streets of Houston has brought pennies into circulation where, not a long time ago, the smallest coin that was recognized was the dime. That in itself is indication of the march of metropolitanism. This new paper is of a distinctly high tone. It is not going to be a paper through which Texas' political bosses and josses are to delude the people. It is going to be first of all a newspaper, and it doesn't run largely to wordy editorial. The telegraph service is good and the scissors editor is destined in a short time to prove himself the equal of the shears manipulator on the *New York Sun*. Though the

last issue which I have seen is only number eleven, the paper already wears the aspect of a well-established, prosperous venture, and the news is treated in a way to catch the reader, but without sensationalism. The management prints a great deal of telegraph news, because it realizes that there is a constant rush of people into Texas and those people want the news from the places they left. That policy is alone calculated to ensure a large circulation for the *Chronicle*, but there are other things about the paper which assures the publication not only a circulation large in quantity but fine in quality. It stands for the things that are approved by the better people. For instance it has begun an editorial crusade against the pistol-toter. It denounces pistol-carrying as ruffianly and cowardly. It calls for the enforcement of the law against carrying concealed weapons. In fact, the *Chronicle* calls for the strict enforcement of all laws in Texas. The *Chronicle* is in favor of fostering business and not fighting it, as so many Texas papers have done, at the behest of the Texas politicians. The paper should succeed, for it is a highly organized effort for success, and the effort is made in a very progressive community. The *Chronicle*, of course, has its little connivance fit over the Washington incident, but that was to be expected. The paper that wishes to reach the Southerner has to agree with certain of his traditions. Mr. Marcellus E. Foster is the president and editor, and Mr. G. Herbert Brown is the secretary of the *Chronicle*. They are both men of experience in journalism and their ideals are of the highest sort. Co-operating with one another and with their other associates in the enterprise they should achieve a magnificent triumph and set a new intellectual pace for Texas. A paper that calls the penny into circulation in Texas and wants to put the pistol-toter out of Texas is one that deserves the encouragement of the business and professional and generally decent and intelligent people of the great Lone Star Empire.

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### Col. John Isocrates Martin

The other day the St. Louis Police Force paraded before the people, making a fine display of form and discipline, with Col. John Isocrates Martin on the staff of the Chief of Police, resplendent in enough gold braid to keep up the Nation's gold reserve, if melted down. The President of the Police Board, Mr. Harry B. Hawes, ordered the Colonel out of the procession. And he went. Now Col. Martin is sergeant-at-arms of the National Democratic Committee. He is an orator of resounding eloquence. He has appeared in some sort of uniform in every parade that has been given in St. Louis in the last thirty-five years, always on a champing, prancing charger and always at the head of the line. When President Hawes had the gallant Colonel yanked out of the procession all the old inhabitants felt that something might occur as disastrous as would follow the impeding of the procession of the equinoxes. But nothing happened other than the vanishing from sight of the handsome Colonel with the blandest smile on record. Forthwith the glory of the procession departed. The light was gone. A procession without Colonel Martin was no procession. President Hawes might as well have banished the bands of music. Col. Martin was visible music of the Wagnerian order and his suppression was a crime against artistry in life. St. Louis' man on horseback was humiliated, simply because of the inconsequential circumstance that he was in the police procession without any official connection with the police department. The people's delights were blighted. But this deed of darkening will be heard of later. Was the humiliation of Col. Martin a step in line with a supposed policy upon the part of President Hawes to reorganize the National Democratic party? Why was the sixteen-to-one sergeant-at-arms of the National Committee unhorsed and sent into darkness with his glittering uniform? Could it be anything but a blow, a foul blow, a dastard blow at the Chicago platform and candidate through the official of the National committee? A great National character has been sat upon. The greatest living processionist has been dismounted. The friend of the great latter-day Com

moner has been denied the pleasure of advertising himself to his loving friends, and by a Democrat suspect of intention to reorganize the Democratic party! Oh it is pitiful! To shut Col. Martin out of a procession is the same as would be the prevention of Chauncey Depew from making a speech, or a great actress from losing her diamonds, or Carrie Nation from a smashing outbreak, or Charles Frohman from putting his name on the bills of the plays he presents. Mr. Hawes interfered with a beautiful spectacle and constrained a manifestation of a gorgeous, if effervescently super-affable, individuality. Mr. Hawes has stricken down silver in Missouri. Mr. Hawes has choked off a great spirit yearning for the incense of admiration and applause. The people who have been watching Col. Martin at the head of processions in St. Louis for long years will not be riven from their idol. No siree! The MIRROR, in behalf of all St. Louis, all Missouri, all Democracy, all outdoors, moves that the Mayor, the Council, the House of Delegates, the courts, the public bodies and club organizations, the School Board, the Veiled Prophets join in a monster petition that Col. John Isocrates Martin, on a day and date suited to his own convenience, give a parade of himself, mounted and armed cap-a-pie, over certain streets, avenues and boulevards of this city. The Colonel must grant the request. The masses yearn for him to do so. They love the Colonel because he loves to proceed in processions, even when he is not necessary. Let the Colonel have a procession all to himself, and if President Hawes interfere therewith, *hoi polloi* will rend him limb from limb. Martin forever!

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### Our Darling

JOE JEFFERSON is with St. Louisans this week, in the old, old plays that make us feel young and seem to keep him young too. Joe Jefferson is good and he serves goodness and kindness all the time. He is the whole country's darling.

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### Some Pictures

M. AUGUSTE GROSS of Paris and New York has come to town again with a mighty array of pictures, which he is showing at the Planters under the patronage of Messrs. Noonan & Kocian. If you know anything of pictures you should see the Corot in this collection, a revelation of the inner luminosity of quiet in that great brushman's style. Then there's a Diaz that gives you a tree in which you can hear the leaves rustle, while there's a Jacque that simply symbolizes all you've ever thought of the pastoral as sung by "the singer of the field and fold." M. Gross' Thaulow picture, called "The Reeds," is probably the finest specimen of that artist's work that has ever been seen in the West. There are works by Neuhaus, Blommers, Van Marcke and Vibert, to mention only a few, that represent the strongest painting of contemporary art. The collection is the cream of the choicest and if St. Louisans appreciate painting in its best examples they will see these canvases. Messrs. Noonan & Kocian deserve the thanks of the cultured people of this community for familiarizing them with such collections as the firm has recently brought here. They are evolving in the town an art-loving element that cannot but leave in the whole lump.

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### Wake Up!

THE World's Fair Executive Committee is a great institution. Everything in the way of suggestion from other committees that gets to the Executive Committee is never heard from again. The work of publicity proceeds on the scale of work of the merchant who advertises with handbills and sandwich men. Who is responsible for the syncope? The affair languishes mortally and somebody or something has hypnotized it into catalepsy. Has the size of the job razzle-dazzled the "ten thousand dollar beauties?"

•••

### Long-Felt Want

UNDoubtedly a bi-sexual pronoun is badly needed, for purposes of accuracy, in the English language. Suppose you want to say that "a writer is annoyed when he or she

## The Mirror

finds his or her work treated as public property, rather than his or hers, and instead of being credited to him or her, is pirated by papers by which he or she is not remunerated." Everyone is agreed that such a sentence loses in gracefulness more than it gains in accuracy. A writer in the London *Chronicle* would solve the problem by inventing a bi-sexual pronoun from the combination of the masculine and feminine pronouns we now have. He would blend "he" and "she" into "heesh," and "him" and "her" into "himmer," and "his" and "her" into "hizzer." By this plan the sentence above quoted to illustrate the present difficulties would read thus: "A writer is annoyed when *heesh* finds *hizzer* work treated as public property, rather than *hizzers*, and instead of being credited to *himmer* is pirated by papers by which *heesh* is not remunerated." The sound of the thing is even more startling than its looks in type, but the suggestion is ingenious, and we might get used to it after a time. Despite appearances the innovation would not be more laughable at first than some of the performances of spelling-reformers of late years and it would have as much claim as the spelling reforms to consideration because of its time and labor-saving qualities. The New York *Independent*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Philistine* and other publications that go in for "tho" and "dialog" and "decalog," and such things should proceed to adopt the new bi-sexual pronouns, while Messrs. Funk and Wagnall's and their *Literary Digest* and fine "Standard Dictionary" could easily work the new words into familiarity to thousands of readers.

¶ ¶

### Missouri's Missing Money

It was openly charged, more than two months ago, that the Missouri financial officials had overpaid the sum of \$1,273,120 interest on the State bonded debt and that there is a shortage in bonded debt reduction amounting to \$1,030,671, as found in the State sinking fund. When the charge was first made the organs of the dominant party denounced it as a lie. Finally, reiteration of the charges forced from the officials a promise to present a statement of Missouri's finances. After awhile the officials allowed intimations to sipe out through the barriers of secrecy that there were some minor mistakes in the State's bookkeeping. Immediately the organs of the dominant party dropped all discussion of the State finances. They stopped trying to explain, and began to ignore the charges. The officials promised a report from experts of National distinction that would show everything to be all right. Those experts have been working for weeks and there is no report, no explanation of the big shortages shown from the official reports of the State Auditors for years back. These big shortages are not the only discrepancies that have been shown in the State's bookkeeping. The people's money, by the official, sworn statements of the men elected to take care of it, has somehow disappeared. It can't be found in the books and it isn't found in the banks that hold the State's money. The unofficial explanation is that the money is only "apparently" missing, but there is a painful delay in proving that the mistakes are mistakes in mathematics. The persons who make the charges do not allege theft or embezzlement against any one. They only say that these glaring discrepancies exist, and ask an explanation. The only answer is a Dockery wink and a dickery threat to make good any shortage out of Dockery's own pocket. The experts don't say a word. The State officials have not given to the public the results of their own analysis of the State's bookkeeping. They admit vaguely that there is something wrong. The books have been taken to Chicago and New York for examination. The inference is that the figures in the books cannot be explained by the men who have entered them. The silence that has fallen on the officials is either an expression of ignorance or incompetence or of contempt for the people who clamor for an explanation. The people have a right to know what has become of all the money of which the books give no satisfactory account. The charges are explicit. The answer must be equally so. Silence will be a confession of something wrong, and delay

in answer will give reason for suspicion of dodging the issue or of doctoring the books.

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### Shrinkage in Trust Stocks

A STARTLINGLY significant tabulation is that recently competed by the New York *Journal of Commerce* showing the shrinkage in trust stocks or, technically, industrials, during the present year. The table cannot fail to be interesting to all students of the markets, so it is here given in full.

	Highest 1901. prices.	Recent Decline.
Amalgamated Copper .....	130	90 40
American Bicycle .....	8 1/4	*3 5 1/4
American Bicycle pfd. ....	35	*10 25
American Ice .....	45 1/2	28 13 1/2
American Ice pfd. ....	77 1/4	*61 16 1/4
American Linseed .....	30 1/2	*15 15 1/2
American Linseed pfd. ....	66	*45 21
American Locomotive .....	32 1/2	26 6 1/2
American Locomotive pfd .....	89	82 3
American Smelting and Refining .....	69	44 25
American Smelting and Refining pfd. ....	104 1/2	98 6 1/2
American Sugar Refining .....	153	119 34
American Sugar Refining pfd .....	130	116 14
American Woolen .....	21 1/2	*15 6 1/2
American Woolen pfd .....	82 1/2	*73 1/2 9 1/2
Anaconda Copper .....	54 1/2	37 17 1/2
Colorado Fuel and Iron .....	136 1/2	93 43 1/2
Colorado Fuel and Iron pfd .....	142 1/2	*127 15 1/2
Continental Tobacco pfd .....	124	*114 1/2 9 1/2
Diamond Match .....	152 1/2	*125 27 1/2
General Electric .....	269 1/2	259 10 1/2
Glucose Sugar .....	65	47 18
Glucose Sugar pfd. ....	107	100 7
National Biscuit .....	46	42 4
National Biscuit pfd. ....	103 1/2	100 1/2 2 1/2
National Lead .....	25 1/2	20 5 1/2
National Lead pfd. ....	93 1/2	*85 8 1/2
National Salt .....	50	30 20
National Salt pfd. ....	84	62 22
Pressed Steel Car .....	52	39 13
Pressed Steel Car pfd. ....	89	79 10
Rep. Iron and Steel .....	24	15 9
Rep. Iron and Steel pfd. ....	82	67 15
Rubber Goods Mfg. Co .....	38 1/2	27 11 1/2
Rubber Goods Mfg. Co. pfd .....	90	75 15
Tennessee Coal and Iron .....	76 1/2	61 15 1/2
U. S. Leather .....	16 1/2	12 4 1/2
U. S. Leather pfd. ....	83 1/2	80 3 1/2
U. S. Rubber .....	34	15 16
U. S. Rubber pfd. ....	85	52 33
U. S. Steel .....	55	43 12
U. S. Steel pfd. ....	101 1/2	94 7 1/2

The search for reasons for the shrinkage indicated above would be instructive but, perhaps, tiresome. Undoubtedly, the reason is that industrials were a fad and the fad has passed like other fads. The industrial stocks were the principal markers, too, in the great Wall Street gambling game and the public's eyes were opened to the purely speculative character of most of the above issues by two or three great coups in the market. A great deal of juggling has been done with the figures of the operations of the great industrial combinations, so much, in fact, that the wiser public has fought gradually shyer of them, until the purchase of trust stocks for investment practically ceased. It is believed, too, that much of the decline is due to the fact that the claims of trust promoters, organizers and manipulators to have suppressed competition were highly exaggerated in order to dispose of the watered stock. Not even the mammoth steel combination has all the mills of the country in its system. Competition is being sorely felt by at least nine out of ten of the great combines. This is good news. It means that concentration of business has its limit and that monopoly is practically impossible. It means that the Trusts must break of their own weight, the more surely as they become more arrogant. The ordinary investor won't have trust stocks and the big speculator must carry them, with all their wind and water, to his own steady loss. Whether this wonderful shrinkage in values is indicative of the status of general business in the country is a question. It is believed that a better indication of the state of business is found in the reports of railway earnings and of activity in manufactures. The big trust losses are the losses chiefly of gamblers and not of legitimate business men, and yet the gamblers must have money and if they continue losing they must "stick" the banks and the banks

must call other men's loans and meeting those calls must cause difficulties in legitimate business. The stock shrinkage, therefore, must be full of danger, notwithstanding the optimists, more especially as the unprecedented drouth in the West is bound to affect both railway earnings and manufacturing activities most unfavorably.

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### Bullion and The Baby

IT really looks as if there were something in some of the assertions to the effect that there is a growth of caste in this country. Tuesday morning's papers contained a dispatch to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, accompanied by a physician and nurse, left Newport Monday morning for New York in anticipation of the early accouchement of Mrs. Vanderbilt. "On Friday," says the dispatch, "Mrs. Vanderbilt was indisposed, but she was quite recovered Sunday, and it was considered advisable to go to New York as soon as possible, and Mr. Vanderbilt had a luxuriously fitted car sent to Newport for Mrs. Vanderbilt's use. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt have prepared for their child a layette of surpassing beauty that cost a small fortune. Much of it was imported. The Vanderbilt baby will be one of the richest infants in this country." All this smacks strongly of the items in a European Court Circular announcing the confinement of some royal lady, only the Yankee worship of caste is less justifiable than the same habit in the European. This announcement of the coming of a Vanderbilt baby is reeking with worship of mere wealth. Stress is laid upon "the luxuriously fitted car," upon the layette that "cost a small fortune," upon the fact that the new arrival will be "one of the richest infants in the country." Money, money, money is the insistent howl of the dispatch. The Vanderbilts, who are to be blessed with a new baby, amount to nothing aside from their wealth. They have never done anything entitling them to special honor. They have simply inherited chunks of money and for that reason the press assumes that the entire reading public is interested in this affair of the young millionaire. The approaching Vanderbilt accouchement is of no more interest than the thousands of others that will occur at the same time in less wealthy families, or in the wards of female hospitals in the various cities. There is no more reason why the country should know this fact, conspicuously printed on the first page of a great daily, than that it should be notified of the birth of some brat prematurely on a street car, in a patrol wagon or a calaboose cell. The appeal that is made by the dispatch is not to the sympathy that might be felt for a woman going to the verge of death to continue the world's inheritance of life. The appeal is made to the cupidity and avarice and envy of the public. The baby to be born will be a rich baby, an enormously rich baby. It will be born into luxury almost unimaginable by the multitudes that read the dispatch. But it is just that luxury that appeals to the people, unless the newspaper estimate of the people be wrong. The baby isn't of as much importance as the dollars it may some day inherit. The snobbery of journalism, its pandering to money-worship could not go much farther. Class distinction, based solely upon wealth, could not be much more emphatically proclaimed. Even the Vanderbilts in the development of the country are of less importance than the money they possess. If the Vanderbilts "went broke" to-morrow the approaching accouchement would not command a line of space in the press. The incident telegraphed all over the country is a glaring proof that there has arisen and become firmly established in this country a standard of worth that is solely monetary, a standard that makes money the synonym of merit, of greatness, of position, of character. The mother who is to suffer is hardly thought of. She and her travail are eclipsed by the glories of the special car. The great mystery of the bringing forth of life is as nothing compared with "the layette of surpassing beauty that cost a small fortune." The baby is not a being, but an appurtenance of the layette and a sort of focus for the fancies of those who day-dream about the millions under which the

poor, rich, little baby will probably be crushed. This is the very diabolism of materialistic commercialism, and unfortunately the blame for it will be placed on the inoffensive Vanderbilts when it should rest upon the base pandering, sycophantic spirit of modern journalism.

Uncle Fuller.

\* \* \*

## THE END OF THE WORLD.

BY MELCHISEDECH.

THE editor of the *MIRROR* said, last week, in commenting upon John Fiske's "Life Everlasting," that there could not be any immortality of the individual, as we know him, without "the resurrection of the body." That seems logical. Man is composed of body and soul. Without a body he would not be a man, in the life everlasting. But this is merely introductory to a theory based upon "the resurrection of the body," as to "the final destiny of the earth" that is certainly unique. It will be found in Monsignor Vaughan's book "Faith and Folly," (Burns & Oates, London, 1901.)

This theory is nothing more nor less than that this planet, instead of falling into the sun and burning up, or losing its inner heat and becoming a dead cold globe on which life cannot exist, will finally be wafted away to heaven or to hell in the resurrected bodies of mankind. The argument is interestingly plausible.

The earth and all its objects, animate and inanimate, are reducible to a few simple substances. Indeed the trend of physics and chemistry is in favor of the proposition that all matter about us is but a varied manifestation of one absolute substance. The processes of nature are but transformations of this substance. This material is a constant quantity. There is so much of it—no more. It only changes form. Matter is, as the saying goes, indestructible.

The earth weighs, broadly speaking, tons in a figure represented by a six and twenty-one naughts. Man's body comes from the earth as a tree comes, as all other matter comes. Man's body returns to the earth, after the departure of the soul. In every twenty-four hours 100,000 persons die. In one year this number would attain to 36,500,000. In a century, to 3,650,000,000. The average weight of a full-grown, well-developed person is ten stone, and if each dying person took from earth that weight of its substance the planet would diminish to the extent of 200,000,000 tons per century. As the population increases with each century, and that means an increasing death-rate, the increase would be much greater in the subtraction of matter from the earth. Monsignor Vaughan calculates that the earth's population A. D. 6000 would be 320,000,000,000,000,000. If those, dying, took ten stone each from the earth, the loss would be appalling. But each soul gives back its bodily envelop to the earth when through with it. Yet there is "the resurrection of the body"—each soul will claim its body, each soul that has ever lived will claim a full grown, fully-developed body, even the souls of infants. When this claim shall have been made upon earth by all the souls of all the ages "will there be anything left of this little orb on which we dwell?" The absorption of the entire earth will depend altogether on the number of souls to be supplied with bodies when Gabriel blows the trump.

Call the number of ultimate atoms in the entire substance of the earth A. Call the aggregate number of atoms contained in the bodies of all men that have ever been created to the present moment, B. At present A exceeds B. But A is a fixed quantity. B is always approximating to A at every additional birth, at about 62,500 tons per diem. When B shall equal A, when the hour arrives that the volume of corporal bodies to be claimed by souls shall equal the substance of the earth, what could happen but that in the taking of the matter for those bodies the earth should disappear? It would simply vanish, as the vesture of souls, damned or saved, as the case may be. It would be absorbed in the resurrected bodies.

Monsignor Vaughan declares his conviction that there is nothing in the theory that is essentially antagonistic to faith, that between "his hypothesis and the inspired volume there is no essential antagonism." The idea is one that commands a certain amount of admiration for its daring. It certainly has at least a pseudo-scientific convincingness as

affording a poetical harmonizing of the indestructibility of matter with the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. It is at least certain that no more beautiful theory of the final destiny of the earth has ever been advanced. Whether the theory can be guaranteed sound, theologically, is a matter for theologians to settle. All I have aimed to do has been to show that the editor of the *MIRROR* is right in insisting upon the importance, in any theory of persisting individuality in the life everlasting of, "the resurrection of the body."

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## RESIGNATION.

BY THOMAS J. BRITT.

I KNOW not whether, when this life is o'er,  
Another life awaits me on the shining shore  
That Faith and Hope, with whispering comfort, give  
To those who strive in humble piety to live;  
Or whether, when life's struggle here is done—  
The battle fought, the victory lost or won—  
I shall but rest within the silent tomb  
And never wake from its encircling gloom.

But this I know, that when the kiss of death  
Shall seal my lips and take away my breath,  
The power that gave me life, and joy, and love,  
Placed flowers in my path, sent sunshine from above,  
Will live and reign and still will care for me,  
No matter in what sphere or shape I be:  
Raised to a heaven, or left in endless rest,  
I'm still resigned, God knoweth what is best.

\* \* \*

## SYNDICATE CRITICISM.

THE THEATRICAL TRUST AND THE PAPERS.

THE Theatrical Trust, having secured most of the theatres, actors, actresses and playwrights of the country, is now accused by that excellent paper, the *Dramatic Mirror*, of an attempt to corner theatrical criticism. From the paper named we learn that the Trust is determined to make the daily papers serve criticism as the Trust wants it. In New York City the Trust concluded that it had no use for Norman Hapgood, the critic of the *Commercial Advertiser*. So it sent its representative to the office of that paper and took out the advertisements of its theatres. As a consideration for restoring the advertisements, the Trust, it is understood, demanded Mr. Hapgood's head. At this writing it is not known what action the *Commercial Advertiser* will take in the matter; and if it should discharge Mr. Hapgood, there is no means of knowing, of course, whether it will go to the Trust for a recommendation as to Mr. Hapgood's successor. The advertisements of the Trust theatres are still missing from the *Commercial Advertiser*, but it is reported that Mr. Hapgood still continues with that journal as critic.

A similar incident was the removal by the Trust of the advertisements of its theatres in Philadelphia from the *North American* in that city. It seems that the Trust—or Philadelphia members of the Trust—were offended at the *North American*, both because of the spirit of its dramatic columns, presided over by Will A. Page, a capable and conscientious writer, and because the *North American* posted bills relating to its newspaper enterprise without calling in the services of the bill posting company in Philadelphia that is practically owned by members of the Theatrical Trust. It is expected that more is to be heard about the *North American* matter. The purpose of the Trust, however, indicated in these two cases, seems to be definite, as witness this, published in a circular issued weekly in the Trust's interests:

It has been demonstrated in Boston, Providence, Washington and Detroit that it is unwise policy to patronize a newspaper which constantly antagonizes the best theatres. And now that a start has been made with the *Commercial Advertiser* it behoves the other daily papers to behave themselves. Truly the theatrical advertising in the *Commercial Advertiser* is an object lesson.

Of course no newspaper does constantly antagonize the best theatres. With the Trust, evidently, everything that the Trust produces must be cracked up to the limit of fulsomeness.

This matter opens up quite a subject for thought. The Trust has in other places thrust its hand into the air—and

it is not a fine Italian hand—and the shadow of that hand has fallen on dramatic writers, to their misfortune. In remote cities the Trust has demanded the discharge from newspapers of writers who have told the truth about Trust enterprises and operations, and those writers have been discharged. Is it reasonable to presume that the successors of these discharged writers have been creatures of the Trust? What has been accomplished by the Trust in this way, outside of the larger cities, evidently now is about to be tried wherever critical opinion dares to show its head.

If the Trust can depose one honest man from the position of critic, what is the outlook for other honest men in the positions of critics?

If the Trust can influence one metropolitan newspaper to consider a given number of lines of advertising as of greater importance than honest opinions of things for which the public looks to it, the Trust may influence other metropolitan newspapers to a like consideration.

If the Trust could by any means induce a newspaper esteemed as reputable to do this, the fact would be so apparent that the newspaper would at once lose its reputation in the department affected, if it did not also lose reputation in all things to which opinions relate; for a newspaper, being the work of men, is very much like an individual. A man known to be dishonest in any one thing will be suspected of dishonesty in all things.

These efforts to discredit honest critics are so brutal and so ignorant in inspiration—yet they are characteristic of the Theatrical Trust as the method of the Trust has many times been disclosed—that they merit, as they probably will receive, the contempt of reputable newspapers everywhere.

The logical results of such a method, if successful, are so grotesque as to be amusing.

Imagine, for instance, the critics of the New York newspapers wending their common way after a Trust performance at a theatre—or necessarily after any performance at a theatre—to some quiet place in the rear of Trust headquarters on Broadway, where the stuff that the Trust intends shall be printed is "handed out" to the critics in various phraseology, but all of enthusiastic purport!

## THE MOLINEUX CASE.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

AND so Roland B. Molineux gets a new trial, after a legal fight of more than two years. The New York Court of Appeals held that serious and vital error was committed by the trial judge, Recorder Goff, and that principles of criminal law were overlooked which are "familiar to every student." The higher court administered quite a stinging rebuke to Recorder Goff, and rightly so.

Molineux was indicted and tried on the charge of murdering Mrs. Adams. It was alleged and proved, on evidence entirely circumstantial, that Molineux forwarded a bottle containing an exceedingly strong and rare poison to his enemy, Cornish, and that the poison was, accidentally taken by Mrs. Adams, who died from the effects of it almost instantaneously. The trial judge permitted the introduction of evidence tending to prove that Molineux had also been the murderer of Henry C. Barnet, who was poisoned by the same method and means. As above said, the evidence was strictly and exclusively circumstantial, and, therefore, to be weighed very carefully.

In trying to make Molineux responsible for the murder of Barnet, in addition to the murder of Mrs. Adams, the lower court committed a fatal error. The indictment specified only one crime, the murder of Mrs. Adams, and it was therefore a violation of fundamental principles to permit of the introduction of evidence connecting Molineux with the murder of Barnet. Nobody can be tried for a crime that he has not been charged with by the Grand Jury. The Court of Appeals emphasizes this point very clearly and strongly, and states that an error of this kind could not be allowed the stand. Justice to the accused and the protection of the Constitutional rights of a citizen demanded a reversal of the verdict of the lower court and a new trial.

The Court of Appeals also gave a body-blow to expert evidence. We all remember the absurd role which the handwriting expert, Bertillon, played in the celebrated

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Dreyfus case. The theories and declarations of that crank were so absurd and untenable that the whole civilized world was laughing, and also amazed at the spectacle of a large portion of the French people under the influence of Bertillon's system of handwriting. An average American jury would have laughed outright at such ridiculous, flimsy evidence, and scorned to convict a hog-thief upon it, much less a man accused of high treason, as Dreyfus was.

In the Molineux case, the experts were, as usual, making asses of themselves; yet Recorder Goff sanctioned it and upheld their antics and opinions as competent evidence. They compelled Molineux to write down words which they dictated, and then declared this handwriting, obtained by such most unusual, unjust and extraordinary means, a proper standard of comparison, in order to prove that the accused had written the address on the bottle sent to Cornish. It is almost inconceivable how Goff could permit of such strange procedures, and allow the jury to consider evidence obtained under duress. Molineux was, in fact, forced to give evidence against himself, just as Dreyfus was. The prisoner of Devil's Island had also been compelled to write under dictation, for the purpose of identifying him as the author of the famous *bordereau*. It will thus be seen that there is a striking similarity between the Molineux and Dreyfus cases, so far as handwriting evidence is concerned.

The Court of Appeals made short work of the evidence fabricated by the handwriting experts. It laid down the broad and time-honored principle that experts cannot select and establish the standard of comparison, and then compare the same with the writing in dispute. The genuineness of writings, which are to be set up as the standard of comparison, must be established to the satisfaction of the court by common-law evidence, and when that has been done, experts may compare the disputed writings with the genuine writings, and give their opinion thereon. All the judges of the higher court voiced their disapproval of such outrageous methods of procuring expert evidence as mentioned above.

Molineux will, therefore, have a new trial. There is absolutely no reason to criticise the action of the higher court, but there is ample ground for censuring Goff. There would be less complaint about the law's delay, the granting of appeals and writs of error, and, probably, lynching bees, if lower courts were more careful and circumspect in the trial of cases and matters of testimony.



### WHOLE DUTY OF GIRLS.

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

WHEN Heloise Edwina Hersey complied with a publisher's request and wrote a book to girls in the shape of a budget of letters, she dedicated it to, "the girls to whom I have tried to show some of the beauties of our language and letters, and who in turn have shown me again and again the vigor, the intelligence and the charm of American girlhood."

She selected two types of girls as correspondents, one a college girl, Margaret, and the other, Helen, a girl who is being educated at a better sort of boarding school. To these two girls she writes a number of letters under three divisions, the first group being upon educational topics, the second upon social relations, and the last upon matters of personal conduct. The result is a little volume that any thoughtful girl would find priceless, and that we "grown-up children" can glean an educational harvest from, ourselves.

With a rare insight into the problems that perplex the educated girl—she who is the newest of new women—with a tender touch for the sensitive points, a reverent spirit that, passing beyond dogma, holds fast to the very essence of the holy and perfect, and, withal, with a faith in the girl and her future that is firm, enthusiastic and sincere, it goes, as a matter of course, that her letters are permeated with that personal charm which is the soul of communication from human to human. Out of the breadth of a fine intellect, highly developed, a large heart and a soul brave enough to acknowledge her own errors, the writer places herself right in touch with the girl capable of a similar development. There are many girls to whom "To Girls" would never appeal, girls so hopelessly mediocre that Miss Hersey's letters would be as Greek as Robert Browning, as discordant as Wagner music and as much of a bore as Carlyle to the ignorant and unlettered.

It will take several generations and much education to

fit all girls for the assimilation and enjoyment of such a book, but we are proud to say that in America to-day there are thousands being fitted for the larger outlook that is before the twentieth-century woman to whom these letters will irresistably appeal, and whose mothers would do well to enjoy them with their daughters.

It is as to "New Women" that the author writes, but to such *womanly* women. She has watched, for twenty-five years, the evolution of the New Woman; she has seen the crude, exaggerated period, the period of short hair, hideous eccentricities and mannish aping, she has seen the wine of a new freedom quicken pulses beyond sober sense, she has seen the fallacy of some of her own earlier theories, and, after twenty-five years, she beholds their fruition in a woman who has nothing more to demand, since all things are hers, no doors to knock at, since all are open, and into whose hands have fallen, with all these gifts, a weightier responsibility for all time to come.

Education, she says, is not an end in itself, but the means to an end, and examinations and honors but "promise, not fulfilment; blossom, not fruit; the road, not home." The test of the educated woman, in Miss Hersey's opinion, is not whether she remembers her trigonometry or classics, not whether she can quote a line from her text books after a separation from them of a few years, but whether she has learned "the art of living." "My educated woman," she says, "has all her powers at her command. They are not scattered by an emergency. Her temper is no more likely to play her false than her reasoning power, and her heart and her hand are equally steady and equally generous. \* \* \* The girl who meets a family crisis bravely and effectively, or who can take a moribund branch of the Girl's Friendly Society, and restore it by her skill to life and vigor, or who can set a poor family on its feet by advice and help at the right moment, or who can be nurse, housemaid, secretary, friend, daughter by turns, and each with a girl heart,—this girl has already gathered the fruit of education, whatever may have been her technical training." After discipline, which Miss Hersey rightly calls the "half of education," comes the second and crowning element which she quotes Edward Thring to describe,—"the transmission of life from the living to the living, through the living," in other words, I take it to mean the personal note in the relation of teacher and pupil which makes the imparting of truth a vitalizing process so received as to quicken inspiration and ready to be accepted and used for the enrichment of others.

The mediaeval woman who died, like the Lady of Shalott, for the unattainable, or like Elaine, was a mediaeval failure,—from such Miss Hersey expects education to deliver our girls. From the mediaeval woman who threw over the beggar the magic garment of her own idealization and transformed him into an imaginary prince, education is pledged to deliver. The New Woman shall not be blind. She shall not love the base because of her own idealization, neither shall the new Elaine die for that which she may not reach.

The new Elaine, says the writer of "To Girls," is bred neither in cloister nor in forest, but on the edge at least of the full, rich life of the city. She comes forth with no magic web, but with the clearest of eyes, the most apprehensive of minds, the steadiest of wills. She is no sentimental, she is no agnostic, she is no indifferentist. She is intellectual, but she is lovable. \* \* \* The women of my generation dreamed of a world made new by reason of our new liberties. Our dream has but partly come to pass. The girls of the future must make the miracle for which we hoped the common-place of every day."

Passing over the letter on the question, "College or Not?" which is invaluable to a girl hesitating upon the subject, we come to a delightful letter-talk upon English Literature, made all the more delightful because one reads in every sentence that Miss Hersey not only knows her English well, but loves it passing well. The reviewer would especially commend the author's ideas upon the "Art of Speech," to every girl and many women. Never have we needed more reiterated shocks to awaken us to the value of words and the art of speech than now, since never was there more opportunity and temptation toward slovenly speech and limited vocabulary. The very ease with which slang is incorporated tends to dim the boundary lines between good and bad language, and English "as she is spoke" is often a fearsome thing.

Here are some fine thoughts upon "Civic Opportunity"

which shed a very pleasant light upon the responsibilities and opportunities awaiting the future woman. Miss Hersey believes that women can and should do their part toward beautifying cities, cleansing slums and settling the present strife between employer and employed, but she believes that to be good themselves and to have an intelligent knowledge of what is to be done will be the way that women will be called upon to do their share in this civic regeneration. Their influence will accomplish the rest. "Beauty, education, philanthropy," she says, "these wait for words which your lips may speak, for help which your hands may give, and for love which shall come from your heart of heart. \* \* \* God first planted a garden. But modern life brings to pass the dream of the seer of Patmos, and the bride of the future is a city. To us it belongs to determine whether it shall be a city reeking with the 'weariness, the fever and the fret' of human life, hideous to eye, ear and smell, a place where beauty is laughed at as mere sentiment, where little children hate learning, where charity makes bare sins under pretence of covering them, where labor is done by 'hands' and paid by reluctant dollars, where the scorn of the poor for the rich is exceeded only by the scorn of the rich for the poor, where womanhood ceases to stand for love, and stands for display and vulgarity; or whether we shall find, and that speedily, the secret which shall make brick walls and pavements transform themselves into streets of 'pure gold, as it were transparent glass,' and the mass of faces slowly change into those of an innumerable throng who 'shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more,' where injustice shall cower far away from 'the city that lieth four-square.'"

There is so much that arouses thought and admiration in this book "To Girls" that a single review is but a cramped space into which to crowd a resume of the work, however superficial that resume may be, but among the many subjects passed over in silence one cannot relegate that staple conversational commodity and erstwhile bug-a-booo, "The Suffrage." Miss Hersey bravely owns up to being one of six women whose opinions upon this momentous issue, once formed, have changed. When in college herself, under the famous Maria Mitchell, she took it for granted, with the other college women,—and there were not so many of them twenty-five years ago—that the suffrage was one of the coming facts for women. Ten years later she reviewed the situation and studied the history of suffrage among English-speaking people. She has concluded that "in the world to-day it (suffrage) is not a right nor a privilege nor is it even a duty. It is a contrivance for the administration of a more or less democratic form of government. \* \* \* Granting this contrivance, undoubtedly the ideal government would be one brought into existence by the votes of the wisest and best persons in the country and without the votes of base, ignorant and venal persons. \* \* \* The corruption of our great cities is chiefly the result of a mass of ignorant voters. The wild heresies, financial and social, which sweep over our country every few years, find their force and danger among the ignorant. \* \* \* The question is not whether you and I are better fitted to vote than the man that loafers on the benches of Boston Common or that shovels sand on a Western railway or breaks stones in the South. The question is whether he is better fitted to vote than his wife and daughter, or rather, whether we shall remedy the evil of his vote by adding to it that of his wife and daughter. The truth is, that in what, in want of a better phrase, we must call the lower ranks of society the average political intelligence of women is far below that of men. \* \* \* When a government is avowedly in grave danger because of the ignorant ballot, it would seem the greatest folly to try to cure the disease by doubling the ignorant ballot." To sum up the question the author thinks that upon the matter of suffrage "women may be pretty fairly divided into two classes, the women who are too ignorant for the suffrage and the women who are too good to spend themselves on it."

This entire volume "To Girls" is filled with the purest spirit of womanliness. No girl can read and enjoy it without realizing the loftier heights there are before her and without receiving encouragement to attain thereto. I know nothing personally of the writer of "To Girls," but I do know that much of the heart and many of the enthusiasms of a good and wise woman are incorporated within its pages. The book is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

## The Mirror

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### A GIRL.

(From "A Book of Masks.")

BY WILBUR UNDERWOOD.

**T**HIS young girl—this girl is dead; From the light and music fled Into darkness and still space— Cover o'er the strange white face; Once her laughter starred the night Now her laughter's taken flight.

Small her breasts were, like a boy's Moulded for all subtle joys, Cool and flower-like her lips; Strait and delicate her hips Never meant for motherhood— Sin made her and found her good.

Pretty as a butterfly, Shining neath a barren sky, She was blown along the earth Light with love and song and mirth, With a curious troubling lure That but made her power sure; Men were maddened by her wiles, Recklessly she sold her smiles, Wearing all the secret hours In a garland of red flowers; Eager every joy to taste, Glad to spill her life and waste, She was born to make men glad And her eyes were never sad.

This young girl—this girl is dead; Thus we found her on her bed Where alone with night she died, The vial fallen by her side. When we stripped from her the fair Rose-silk she was wont to wear:— Underneath her laces' mesh, Black against her ivory flesh, Round her slender waist we found Tight an iron chain was wound.

Sick with fright at what we saw We stole from the room in awe.

This young girl—this girl is dead, From the light and laughter fled; Ladies, brutes and fellow-men We are laughing once again, As of old the noise and light Stream out on the ancient night, As of old, wine-flushed and fair, We make joy with mocking air; But through all our febrile arts Steals a shadow on our hearts.

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### SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS.

RELIGIOSITY.

BY CARLYLE SPENCER

**T**HE distinction between religion and religiosity has not been made by scientific writers with sufficient clearness, or we would have fewer books attempting to deal with "religion" from the standpoint of natural science. The religion which leads any man to "visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world" is not capable of scientific analysis; is clearly not a product of physical evolution and produces none of those phenomena which are derived from environment, atavism and the struggle for survival. But all these phenomena do appear in religiosity, and are fully capable of explanation on scientific grounds.

The first, most persistent and most marked of these phenomena is cant. It is an evidence of the growth of merely animal intelligence, appearing first in the second stage of growth when the anthropoid man has advanced beyond mere animalism to fetish worship. Below the stage of fetish worship, taking no account of the operation of universal forces outside of himself and struggling to survive and reproduce his species, the anthropoid man is unreligious rather than irreligious. The laws which control

him and force his development, may occasion him pain and fear on frequent occasions, but he does not attribute this to any cause above the natural and is only temporarily disturbed by it. As he develops into the stage of fetish worship, he attributes "luck" in the destruction of his enemies of the human and other species to a symbol of "luck" made of wood and feathers or similar materials which he carries with him to give him good fortune—as similar fetishes are often carried in civilized communities. He does not worship this fetish in the sense of imagining that it is divine or of revering it, for he will frequently change it or destroy it, if it does not respond to his wishes. But so long as he keeps it, he addresses it in short sentences or phrases which are the beginnings of cant. It may be useful to observe here that, in its scientific aspects, cant is the use of any form of words which are repeated as a formula to save the frequent and disagreeable strain of using the intellect.

As the lowest known tribes who are just entering the fetish-worshiping stage, have only a few hundred words, in their vocabularies, intellectual operations of any kind are painful and difficult for them, and the set phrases in which they address their fetishes are a part of the economy of growth. It always happens in nature, and is generally made clear by the study of growth, that what appear to be the worst evils of the higher stages are mere survivals of the modes of lower, which were in their own place, necessary for growth and a part of its forces. The fetish-worshiper who has invented a formula for addressing his fetish or who has inherited it from tribal usage, will use it over and over to save the strain of attempting to think—and although this is, in its essence, cant, it leaves him freer to devote his attention to destroying his enemies or to securing the means of subsistence.

The fetish belongs, primarily, to a single person and not to the tribe. At the next stage of intellectual development above fetish worship, the tribal god appears. It is almost invariably carved into an approach to the likeness of the human form. The formulas used in fetish-worship develop into a ritual for the worship of the tribal god, which is repeated over and over again in lieu of the extemporaneous worship which would involve avoidable intellectual disturbance. In times of great danger or when extraordinary emotion is forced by any other cause, the ordinary ritual seems insufficient, and we have special prayers repeated before the idol, which are not, primarily, cant, though when preserved and repeated as labor-saving devices on other extraordinary occasions, they are liable to become so.

The third stage of intellectual growth, involves the first real step beyond fetish worship, for the tribal god in whose presence prayers must be said, is really a tribal fetish. At the third stage, the tribal gods are still worshiped in set formula, or through cant, but a sufficient power of individual intellect is now present, to make it possible to imagine them as capable of action independently of their images and at a distance from their temples. They are now addressed by their devotees on all extraordinary occasions as the emotion of the occasion suggests. Here, for the first time, the possibility of worship, as distinct from cant, appears. It is still mere religiosity, however, as it is not yet in any sense "moral" or due to any other than easily apprehended physical causes. Of this stage of development we have fortunately the most abundant material for scientific examination in the Homeric poems, where, in every time of great emotion, the tribal and national gods are worshiped with fervor, in the hope of, (1) escaping destruction, (2) of acquiring subsistence or prosperity and (3), of overcoming and destroying enemies.

Although this is the highest stage of the mere emotional disturbance, which is often confused with religion; although it appears in all societies and as readily in monotheism as in polytheism, it will be seen, from the above analysis, that it is purely physical in its phenomena and reducible in its modes of expression to the action of environment in the struggle for survival. The Homeric heroes in this stage, lie, steal, kill, burn the houses of their enemies, plunder and subjugate their neighbors, and do whatever else they think necessary for their own individual comfort or tribal and national glory—all with the most devout prayers to their gods.

These are the three stages of physical religiosity expressing itself through emotional and intellectual disturbance. They survive as atavism and are invariably present in the most highly organized societies.

Religion, as distinct from physical religiosity, is a mode of thought and life, depending primarily on reverence, and

operating without regard to individual comfort, to free the individual from the compulsion of his environment and of his heredity. It has appeared in all ages of the world, in individuals capable of resisting their environment and rising superior to the atavism of their communities, but as it occasions, when communicated to others, an amount of intellectual disturbance which does not appear necessary for the destruction of enemies or for obtaining the means of subsistence, those who insist upon attempting to practice and propagate it, in spite of their environment, have generally been regarded as public enemies and silenced, destroyed or driven out.

Under the law of reversion in a highly organized community, frequent instances of fetish-worship or belief in individual "luck" appear among those who reject the second and third or higher forms of religiosity. The carrying of "buckeyes" and other fetishes, such as "luck-pieces" of money, the wearing of "birth month" rings and other ornaments and many similar phenomena of the greatest interest to science, might be cited as evidences of reversion to the lowest form of religiosity as it first appears in the anthropoid man.

The prevailing form of survival in any Caucasian community is more apt to be that of the third stage—the stage in which it is imagined that the object of religion is to secure prosperity, to facilitate the destruction of enemies, to add glory to the tribe or nation, or to the putative "religion" itself, through the physical modes of the struggle for survival.

While the intellectual action necessary in this stage is invariably minimized through cant in its various forms, the power of increasing intellectual activity is shown in most interesting mental phenomena—obviously depending, however, on purely physical causes. It is almost invariably imagined by those in this stage that their own enemies are enemies of heaven and that it is an act of religion to destroy or overcome them. A second series of phenomena which are also present, are not to be accounted for on purely physical grounds, as they are primarily a result of reaction from the moral. The phase of this most interesting to science is pseudo-benevolence, the subject of which imagines that by destroying personal or tribal enemies, under the physical laws of survival, he enlarges his opportunities for unselfish usefulness.

In highly organized communities—(which are the more easily subject to sudden atavistic reaction, because the instability of organization increases in the measure of its complexity) atavistic reaction occurs with an approach to periodicity. Its phenomena, when developed during a period of excitement attending the destructiveness of war or other great emotional disturbance, are easily reducible to the three definitions of physical religiosity here given.

Its sequences are sometimes extraordinary. Although intellectual disturbance is at all times avoided by men in mass, following the lines of their development under the law of least resistance, emotional disturbance may, through perversion, become a source of eagerly desired pleasure. Hence, in the second stage of physical religiosity, we find in the more primitive communities that it is sought to continue, through "orgies" in the name of various divinities, the states of nervous tension due to the emotional excitement of war. As physical laws are not repealable, we may expect a period of nervous or violent emotionalism, showing itself in many strange and outre aspects of religiosity, to follow in every community which has been governed for any considerable period by the atavistic instincts of destructiveness. And as these are closely connected with the reproductive instinct, we may expect that many of the phenomena of these attempts to protract the orgasmic pleasure of emotional disturbance created by the excitement of destructiveness, will be manifested under the operations of the reproductive instinct in various forms of "sensuality."

The more general sequence of a period of destructiveness affecting, through atavism, the least neurotic members of a highly organized community is an increase in the use of formulas and set phrases—of "cant" in its sense of the habitual, unintellectual and sometimes unemotional expression of the intellectual habits of the past.

All these things, whether expressed in a cathedral or in the hut in which a Bojesman keeps the tribal idol to which he prays for prosperity or for the destruction of his enemies, are purely physical and hence a proper subject for candid scientific examination—as, in the nature of

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things and of the laws which govern them, religion itself can not be. For, while the anthropoid man, at all stages of his growth towards capacity for religion, is governed by the laws of heredity and of environment in the struggle for survival, religion is that power above physical law through which environment is resisted, heredity overcome and actual individuality attained through unselfish virtue. The physical laws operate only on and through selfishness in the person, the family, the community, the nation, and through their operations all the phenomena of religiosity are explainable. But with religion they have nothing to do, for, in the measure in which it becomes possible, it makes possible the triumph over them.

### ROOSEVELT AND THE SOUTH.

BY S. O. HOWES.

STEVENSON, who combined the charm of the romanticist with the subtlety of the metaphysician, said somewhere, "Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it—a cliff a mile high—high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of every feature of humanity." By one error of judgment, a man may obscure the glory of a long record of past achievements and seriously impair his chances for future usefulness. It is no exaggeration to say that no man ever assumed the robes of state possessing so widely the regard and admiration of the opposite party as did Roosevelt. That he should have ruthlessly alienated this large body of his countrymen by an act so easily avoidable is nothing short of a calamity.

The newspapers, always ready to ascribe mean and low motives to an opponent, regard his hospitality to Booker T. Washington as a studied insult to the South. That I steadfastly refuse to believe; it clashes with my preconceived views of the man, based upon a knowledge of his life work, and is not for a moment to be entertained. Rather it was an obedience to a generous impulse in violation of the sentiments and traditions of a large section of his country. The sentiment does his heart much credit, but he who occupies the seats of the mighty must ever have his heart and head in a bond of close fellowship.

The writer does not wish to be misunderstood as wanting to detract in one iota from the splendid achievements of Booker T. Washington. He is one among many thousand—I forget the negro population of the United States—and because of his sanity of view and excellent mental equipment his opinions on matters of public policy, especially so far as regards his race, are worthy of most respectful consideration. But we of the South who know the gulf that separates the inferior race from social privileges, a gulf that many times more than fifty years' of contact with a superior race is needed to bridge, see in the President's act a precedent established that calls for severest censure.

The President is a man of too great sagacity not to have foreseen the storm of protest his action would arouse. Doubtless he reasoned to himself as follows: "My refusal to honor this worthy man whose misfortune is that he was born black, would be in deference to a prejudice I do not share. I will not truckle to it." But it was not a question of truckling. It was a question of tactlessly overriding the customs of a vast body of his constituency. And it was so needless. Mr. Washington was highly honored, and justly, by being conferred with on matters of public policy in his section. The extension of social privileges was wholly gratuitous and unfortunately will have reflex action upon his own cause. The negroes—I know them well—will, many of them, become arrogant and presume upon this favor granted<sup>th</sup> their chief and so fan into flame the coals that have been allowed to smoulder. Mr. Washington is a man whose level-headedness and freedom from vanity will preclude any such untoward effect. But with the mass of his race the influence will be far different.

The fact that individuals of the dark races have received social distinction in England and on the Continent is quite beside the question. Here close contact with large numbers of negroes lately recovered from savagery has bred a natural and instinctive abhorrence of social equality with them on the part of the whites. It is something more than a prejudice for it is based upon ethnical differences that many centuries alone, if anything, can eradicate.

Now I come to the most lamentable feature of this unhappy dining. For once, Destiny has given us for leader a man whose courage, honor, intrepid sense of duty and

broad statesmanship fit him for the office as perhaps no other man since Washington. Any act of his, not strictly required by an adherence to the cause of right, that lessens his chances to succeed himself is greatly to be deplored. Something more than mere want of tact would be necessary to destroy my faith in him. But there are thousands in the South who will reason differently, and that the good work he has inaugurated may be continued another four or eight years their support is desired. If this mishap should cost Roosevelt the Presidency in 1904, it will be the most expensive dinner ever served.

Galveston, Texas, Oct. 23rd.

### DAWN.

*LL night in the ports and offing  
The hosts of the Night Waves tramp  
To thunderous music, scoffing  
At every harbor lamp;  
So fierce that no star dares brighten  
The coast and the stormy gloom,  
And only the Night Waves whiten  
The cliffs as they charge and boom.*

All night have the stars been biding,  
But now to the East afar  
The Squadrons of Seas are riding  
A-tilt at the Morning Star,  
That lights with a mellow lustre  
The road that the Dawn will take;  
And see how they march and muster!  
And see how they swing and break,  
And strive with their shields and sabres  
To darken the star's clear light—  
A-sweat with their frantic labors,  
The foam on their steel flecks white!

And as in their blind wrath leaping  
They threaten the fearless star,  
The stars of the night are peeping—  
Pale-faced, as they always are—  
To see on the East's horizon,  
As though by the mist-folk drawn,  
The glow of the morning skies on  
Her tresses—the grey-eyed Dawn!  
And swiftly the warlike clangor  
Is stilled, and the waves, afraid,  
Forget in their fear their anger,  
And shrink from the pearl-robed maid.

Oh! slowly across the water,  
Afraid of the Night, yet proud  
With courage the Day has taught her,  
Dawn comes; and the corsair crowd  
Slink back where the Night still lingers,  
And, mocking them as they flee,  
The music of fairy fingers  
Floats up from the Eastern sea;  
While, laughing their guileless laughter,  
With hurrying, joyful feet,  
The Waves of the Dawn come after,  
To jeer at their slow retreat.

And lo! as the pale, grey maiden  
Steps fearfully through the dark,  
A cloud, with the Sun's light laden,  
Burns gold, and the Waves cry "Hark!  
He cometh!" The Dawn-Maid blushes  
To know that her love is near.  
Then out of the sea there rushes  
The sun, and the Day is here  
To reddens with hot caresses  
The lips of the maid, so white,  
Who, whispering soft, confesses  
Her terrors of frowning Night.

*As laughing Day bends to hold her,  
To ride on his saddle-bow,  
In long ranks, shoulder to shoulder,  
Retreating the Night Waves go.  
They march to the dull West's distance,  
Well knowing that all in vain  
Are mutterings and resistance—  
To-night, they will charge again.*

—The Sydney Bulletin.

## THE OTHER WOMAN'S HAND.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

*T*HE young man who would make for himself a name and a fame goes East. By the same token, he who would hide those both betakes himself West.

Henesly went West because the girl he was in love with jilted him, out of hand, for a richer fellow, and he was very hard hit. He went West, and was lost to sight, and the places where he had been knew him no more. If any one chanced to mention him to the girl, she smiled the smile of pitying contempt, which is most women's tribute to the memory of a man they have treated abominably, and said: "Poor Dick." She was as mean as she was beautiful—which is not the fairy-tale formula; but she got her punishment in the end—which is.

This is how it came about.

Circumstances and physicians over which she had no control sent the rich man she had married—whose name was Kent—to spend a season on the Pacific Coast. Kent's fancy lighted upon a seaport town, the only objects of interest in which were a break-water, in course of construction, and a spit of land upon which tourists were assured, the skeletons of dead and gone pirates might yet be dug up. Neither these nor the adjoining shipping village, which only awaited the appropriations of a delinquent Congress to become the Harbor of the Pacific Slope, offered to Mrs. Kent that variety and excitement which alone could make existence palatable to her. So she decided that if there were to be any such, they must come from within herself. Therefore, as the most unlikely thing that she could happen upon, she determined to try what it might be like to lead that which is known as a normal and healthy life—going to bed when the frogs began to sing in the dismal marshes about, and getting up with the sun. "I will take plenty of exercise," she explained to her husband; "I will row for a couple of hours before breakfast, on the lagoon, I think."

She experienced some real enthusiasm about it at this point. Kent did not. He foresaw the disturbance of his own comfort, which was not greatly considered at the best of times, and he tried to discourage her; but without success.

At daybreak she made her way across the strip of land that divided the lagoon and the sea. The hotels and cottages faced the sea, but the lagoon was the inner harbor, and there were upon it only wharves and rickety boat-houses and fishermen's huts. It was not exactly a picturesque outlook, ordinarily, but the sunrise lights cast a sort of glamour over it now. Even the deep, loose sand was cool and tinted, and all traced over with fine cabalistic lines where the lizards had dragged their tails and no one had as yet stepped. Later on, it would be blistering hot and the marsh weeds would give out a choking smell; but this early, their stunted yellow and pink blossoms had a fresh and pungent scent.

She followed a path that led to a rough board shack, standing on stilts over the ebb-tide mud, where a sign advertised that boats were builded and for rent. When she stopped in the small doorway, her figure shut out most of the light, and she could barely discern the man who was moving around inside. He came toward her. Her back was to the low rays of the sun, so her face was in the blackness, and only her form was as glistening white as the Angel of the Apocalypse.

Had he a row-boat, she asked; one not too heavy, and with oars of a moderate sweep? He was taciturn—a longshore character, probably—for he did not even answer, only took a pair of spoon-oars from their rack on the wall, and led the way out to the landing-pier. She followed, running against strange shapes of wood, and stumbling over piles of lumber in the gloom. When they were out on the landing, he turned about and faced her suddenly. She was quite close behind him, and she gave a quick start back.

"I thought so," he said, steadily, "I thought the voice was like yours."

He had had that much warning, but she had had none at all, and it might have been a full two seconds before she got control of herself. Then the beauty of the situation and all its possibilities floated upon her suddenly, and she decided that her movement of impulse had been the best she could have made. So she followed it up. She shrank back into the doorway farther still. "Richard!" she said, cowering.

# A Few Words About Quality in Ladies' Garments.

Every garment in our stock is of the very highest quality. That is not saying that a \$5.00 Jacket is of same quality of material, or of the same elaborateness of make-up as the one at \$75.00—But each is the best that can honestly be made or sold for the price—Each is thoroughly well made, each has correctness of style, each is of satisfactory not shoddy material, and each is made to fit. The special mark of a Nugent garment is its satisfactoriness. We take your dollar only on the condition that you get more than your dollar's worth for it.

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He stood resting upon the oars and scrutinizing her stolidly. He flattered himself that he was calm, not to say cool, but Mrs. Kent had a deeper than surface sight. She knew that he appeared cool for very much the same reason that a circular saw appears still when it is going fast enough. For herself and for the major part of mankind she was a very light scoffer at love; but she was no such fool as not to know that the heart which has truly loved and never forgets does have its existence in the flesh as well as in the lines of Erin's bard. So, summing up the situation with the aid of observations upon his character, made rather exhaustively some five years gone by, she came to the conclusion that, when she should be ready, it would take her perhaps half an hour at the outside to have him at her feet as a tiger is at the feet of a trainer with a whip.

But for the present she let him just stand there, leaning upon the oars and trying to look at her disparagingly. She did not believe that the man lived who could manage much dispraise for the sort of picture of beauty in distress that she made, all in white, from her big, soft shade-hat to her impractical, high-heeled shoes, all of which had been worn because Kent had suggested something sensible and old. So she managed to tremble and raise appealing glances calculated to soften any human heart.

Henesly spoke at last. "You did your work pretty thoroughly while you were about it, you see," he said. "I went to the devil and to bed-rock in something less than a year. Then I married a Portuguese fisher-girl when I was drunk, and she and I are living together in that shanty over there." He nodded in the direction of a little unpainted board shack some fifty yards off among the sands.

Mrs. Kent covered her face with her palms while she gained time to try and think of something as dramatic and concise. But her own appearance did not lend itself to narrative of the kind. She made a broken murmur, vague with hints of her own deep wretchedness, do instead. Henesly did not answer; only turned on his heel and led the way to the landing-steps.

When he had brought the boat down from the davits and up to the steps, he held out his hand to help her in. She laid her own hand upon it, and he shivered and stiffened under the touch. She had expected that. Her hands had been his dearest delight, of old. They were the hands of a Mona Lisa, of a beauty of the steel-engraving days, and when they touched they clung, like a small child's hands. But they were strong, too. They settled the oars in the locks, and pulled off skillfully. Henesly went back to the boat-house, but he watched her through a space in the boards as she cut off the opal-hued water.

He was there to help her out when she came back. When she asked if she might use the boat next morning he told her yes. He explained it to himself as being proper pride, and that she should not fancy him afraid. After a day or two he altered the explanation to that it couldn't matter any way, and after that he did not try to explain. He let things go. At this point she lingered, sitting upon the keel of a yawl up for repairs, and talked about herself in hopeless vein. The ensuing steps were talk about himself. He responded fairly easily, and showed her his drawings, his tools, and the new gasoline-engine band-saw which was his especial pride. He taught her how to start the engine up, and to cut along traced lines through the hardest wood with the toothed band of steel.

It was inevitable, thereafter, that they should—having had herself and himself—come to themselves. And when that happened—it was about the tenth day of her "normal and healthy" life—much more did as well. So that when she started to go at last, and stood, beautiful in the midst of all the roughness around, his head went completely, and he caught her hand against his lips and held it there. It was delight and bliss and temporary oblivion to him. It was the success of an experiment to her, and the point beyond which she did not mean to go, for her wisdom was of this world.

But to Maria, Henesly's Portuguese wife—who was under the boat-house, peering up through a knot-hole—it was rage and jealousy of a very savage kind. She had had her suspicions of the woman who came so often and for so long at break of day, and now she was verifying them. As for what they said, the two, she could neither hear nor understand all of that. Her English was limited. But she saw Henesly kissing the shapely hand, and there was nothing incomprehensible about that.

If Henesly had had the slightest idea of what Maria had seen, he would have been justified in being uneasy and in recalling the warning of one of those poets of his better days, anent mute natures which punish you in deeds. For Maria gave no sign at all. She only waited her time. It came very soon. The same night Henesly was called upon to repair the hull of a launch, and he had to be up until long past midnight, working with lanterns, to take advantage of the tide. The consequence was that he overslept himself the next day. Maria, however, did not. She arose early and went out.

When Mrs. Kent came, humming a snatch of song that she knew would be calculated to awaken memories in Henesly, Maria was hidden behind a pile of lumber in the dark corner where the gasoline-engine was, lying in wait,

with a big knife up her sleeve. Mrs. Kent had no suspicion of that. She wandered around the boat-house, playing with various things, and finally, as the time grew long, she went over to the corner and amused herself by starting the band-saw up, as Henesly had shown her how to do. The gasoline-engine began to spit and hiss, and the shiny contrivances, whose name she did not know, to clatter and turn. The saw-edged band itself began to whir so very fast that it seemed to be quite still. She held a scrap of wood against it and watched it cut smoothly in two without a jar.

When she looked up she could see Henesly hurry over along the path through the dunes from his shack. She stopped playing with the saw, and stood waiting for him, beginning the strain of song again. Her hand was lying close to the moving band. Maria raised herself up in the shadow and looked at it. It was so white, so small, so near the turning saw. It was the same hand that Henesly had kissed the day before.

The whir of the machinery was in Mrs. Kent's ears. The light of the low rays falling through the open door was in her eyes. She did not hear the boards behind her creak. She did not see that some one was coming nearer and nearer, with hot eyes watching that white and careless hand.

The engine was spitting and clattering unconcernedly when Henesly stepped into the place, and in the gloomy corner near it, something white and huddled was on the floor. It was a woman's figure fallen on the face and with arms thrown out. On the end of one arm there was a hand. On that of the other—there was none.

Mrs. Kent's tale, to Henesly and to her husband, was never quite clear. Perhaps she had moved; perhaps she had swayed; perhaps some one had pushed her arm against the saw. She had thought that some one had gone past her, just as she reeled and fell—and, besides, the hand, cut clean at the wrist, was gone.

And Maria, too, was gone. Henesly never saw her again. But that night as he sat alone in his cabin, his head dropped on his folded arms, a voice came in at the window above his head—came with the croaking song of the frogs in the swamp outside and with the drifts of the thick, gray fog.

"Kiss it," it said from vacancy, almost in his ear; "kiss it, if you like to, now." And something fell on the table near his forehead, with a thud. He groped and touched it. It was soft and cold. He felt it over. It was a small, stiff hand.

*From the Argonaut.*

# The Mirror

## THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Mr. Albert Kelsey delivered an illustrated address upon city building at Memorial Hall, Tuesday evening. In that address he showed how truly great cities like Paris and Berlin had beautified themselves. He pointed out how use and beauty had been combined. He showed how Paris planted nest eggs of artistry in out of the way sections of the city and made the sections build up to them. He pointed out how the circulation of the city's life, its hygiene and beauty were interdependent. He gave object lessons of the secret of putting monuments or other fine structures at the ends of streets or in squares to which streets converge, that travelers on those streets might always have an objective.

Mr. Kelsey showed how even warehouses need not be ugly, but could be given dignity without excessive cost. He illustrated the methods of modern street-making in the European capitals, and showed how many utilities could be condensed into small space and out of the public eye. Particularly effective was his exposition of the value of tree-planting in cities and of the manner in which the trees of Paris are nursed by the authorities. He pointed the way to regulate the street advertising nuisance, and then he showed the audience the plan for a model tenement that took the prize in a recent competition in New York City.

The lecture was nearly an hour and a half long, but every minute of it was interesting to an audience in which I saw the Mayor, members of the Board of Public Improvements, many architects and engineers, some members of the City Council and a fine showing of Wednesday club ladies, clergymen etc. It was an audience that held the potentiality of giving effect to Mr. Kelsey's ideas of the making of a beautiful city. The thing was made so simple too. All that was needed was to determine to do it and St Louis could be made as beautiful as Paris in a short time.

The interest shown by the high-class audience in Mr. Kelsey's address is going to translate itself into active work. The local chapter of architects is to further the cause in every way possible, as will the Engineer's Club. The Wednesday Club has long been interested and now some of its members are going to form a St. Louis branch of the American League for Civic Improvement.

I believe that Mr. Kelsey's ideas could be realized in St. Louis in a short time if funds were provided to enable the giving of such illustrated lectures on "The City Beautiful" in all the wards of the city, in all the self-culture clubs, in the open meetings of the fraternal societies, in the schools etc.

Show the people who are not ordinarily reached by such things, what beauties there are in other cities, what fine parks and water-fronts and statues and buildings and tree-lined streets and they would demand them here in such a way that the most miserable and measly ward politician would have to fall in line for the City Beautiful.

If a half dozen architects and artists could be induced to prepare just such a lecture and deliver it in a number of meeting in all parts of the city, according to a well arranged plan of campaign, there would be such a cry for a beautiful city that there would be no resisting it.

The work can be done. It will not cost much money and whatever it might cost would be repaid a thousand fold in the next ten years or less.

W. M. R.

Society stationery, Mermad & Jaccard's.

## MUSIC.

### THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA.

Perfection in orchestral playing, strange to say, has been more nearly attained by American orchestras than by any others in the world. There are larger numbers of the best instrumentalists in European cities, playing regularly together. The orchestra for the Bayreuth Festivals numbers 116 men and they are usually selected from the best opera orchestras in the various cities adjacent to Bayreuth. Even under such a great conductor as Hans Richter their work is frequently criticized for lack of precision, smoothness of tone, unity of purpose, clearness, etc. To our own country we must look for a realization of all these elements in orchestral work and under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas they come nearer to absolute perfection than anywhere else or under any other conductor. This may seem an extravagant assertion but it is not. If it were, truth itself would be extravagant.

For one hundred years the whole world looked upon American music as a sort of joke and American musical organizations, if home grown and not imported bodily, as a sort of parody. Twenty years ago Boston began to set the pace with its Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Geo. Henschel, and demonstrated that, under a competent conductor, an orchestra in which every man is an artist can produce the finest musical effects to be realized. Chicago took up the idea, secured the services of Mr. Thomas, certainly the greatest orchestral conductor this country has ever seen, and placed at his disposal an orchestra of the finest instrumentalists that could be gathered from the four corners of the earth. These men he has been drilling for the past ten years with almost daily rehearsals and two concerts per week, and the result is a grand ensemble not to be equalled anywhere else. Mr. Thomas is a born and bred orchestral leader. He is gifted with the marvelous faculty known as absolute pitch and has a sense of rhythm which is so perfect that seventy or eighty men can feel the instant when a note is to be played. Hence the remarkable unity everyone notices in the work of the Thomas Orchestra.

This organization will give two concerts in the Odeon Friday and Saturday evenings, November 8 and 9, March 7 and 8, and April 4 and 5.

The soloists will be Leopold Kramer and Emil Baré, violinists, and Bruno Steindel, violoncellist. The programmes will contain Symphony No. 8 by Beethoven and Symphony No. 2 by Brahms, also selections from the works of Gluck, Bach, Weber, Saint-Saëns, Wagner, Berlioz, d'Albert and Cesar Frank.

Of course Beethoven is the acknowledged head of symphony writers, but Brahms is a close competitor, in the minds of many, with the other great Vienna master. These concerts will afford a splendid opportunity for comparing and contrasting the works of these two composers and also of at least in part answering the question has the symphony developed since Beethoven? If it has, there can be no question about Brahms being Beethoven's legitimate successor, for even the great Russian, Tschaikowsky, has not peered as deeply into the mysteries of nature or reproduced his visions in music with such profound expressions as Brahms. Another composer who has only lately secured the recognition which should have been granted him while alive, is Cesar Frank, the great Frenchman, the composer

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of the Beatitudes and numerous other works of great importance. He will be represented by a symphonic poem entitled "Le Chasseur Maudit." Richard Wagner appears three times on the programmes with the Vorspiels to "Lohengrin" and the "Meistersinger" and an arrangement from "Das Rheingold" made by Mr. Thomas during the last summer and performed this season for the first time by his orchestra.

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\* \* \*  
"UNITED STATES IS SINGULAR."

In his recently published work on "A Century of American Diplomacy," General John W. Foster, former Secretary of State, uses the singular verb in connection with the United States, and is called to account therefor by a prominent critic, who admonishes him that "to make United States a singular noun would require an amendment to the Federal Constitution."

Mr. Foster has spent considerable time and labor in making an investigation of this subject, and concludes, from all the testimony he has been able to gather, that the point is not well taken.

"I have found," says Mr. Foster, "that in the early days of the republic the prevailing practice was the use of the plural, but even then many public men employed the singular, and of late years the latter has become the rule. Among statesmen who have habitually used the singular verb are Hamilton, Jefferson, Seward, Blaine, Edmunds, E. J. Phelps, Webster, Benton, Fish, Frelinghuysen, Motley, Reid, Gresham, Silas Wright, Marcy, Evarts, Bayard, Charles Francis Adams, Depew, Olney.

"Of living professors of international law, Woolsey of Yale, Moore of Columbia, Hufcut of Cornell and James C. Carter of New York use the singular. Andrew Jackson was the first President to adopt the singular verb in his official papers. In the earlier messages of the Presidents the plural form is usually used, but since Lincoln, all of them, including Grant, Cleveland, Harrison and McKinley, have invariably used the singular. In the decisions of the Supreme Court during the first half century the plural form is generally used, but the singular appears occasionally. In later years the

court has used the singular. The same remark applies to treaties with foreign nations."—New Jersey Law Journal.

\* \* \*

On Tuesday evening, November 5th, Mr. Homer Moore will give a very select and interesting recital at Mrs. Van Blarcom's residence, 1 Westmoreland place. The entertainment is given for the benefit of the Isabel Crow Kindergarten Association. Mr. Moore is the leading baritone of this city and a musician of high authority. A social will be held after the recital. Tickets \$2.00.

\* \* \*

POPULAR SONGS HER VICTIMS: "Miss Holler says she thinks she will have her voice tried." "Well, if she does, the verdict will be 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

\* \* \*

"Any word from my poor husband in the other world?" asked the widow of the medium. "Nothing more," replied the medium, "than a request for some ice and a palmetto fan."—Atlanta Constitution.

\* \* \*

The Duc de Morny's definition of a polite man is hard to realize. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

\* \* \*

Clerk: "Here it is the first of the month, and I've just made out a bill against Grigsby, who died last week. What shall I do with it?" Boss: "Send it to the dead-letter office."



## SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Miss Jessie Ringen is visiting Chicago friends. Mrs. Paul Brown has returned from Kansas City.

Mrs. A. S. Dodge has returned from Narragansett Pier.

Mrs. Harrison Drummond has returned from Bar Harbor.

Mrs. Walter S. Bartley has returned from a Western trip.

Miss Emily Dunham is visiting relatives in Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Eugene Cuendet will return from the East, this week.

Mrs. E. W. Oliver is about to make a long visit in the East.

Mrs. Shreve Carter is entertaining her niece, Miss Beatrice Dunham.

Miss Grace Priest and Miss Lucile Howard are visiting in the East.

Mrs. Minerva Carr is visiting Mrs. J. C. Cranshaw, of Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. J. C. Moon and Miss Maude Moon have returned from New York.

Miss Katharine Cairns of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. John H. Carroll.

Mrs. William Thornburg and Mrs. John D. Filley have gone to New York.

Mrs. John H. Carroll is entertaining Miss Annie Sullivan, of Jefferson City.

Mrs. Herman Luyties is entertaining Misses Mary and Etta Story, of Lafayette, Ind.

Mrs. Sam Hines will give a euchre party this week in honor of two guests from Decatur.

The officers at Jefferson Barracks will entertain their St. Louis friends at a ball this evening.

Mr. Edwin Nugent will be married early in December to Miss Olga Clinton, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Richard Barrett will entertain the Acephalous Euchre club next Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Leete and the Misses Leete will winter in Dresden. Mrs. Will Barnett is with them.

Mrs. Willard Bartlett is entertaining her sister-in-law, Mrs. James O. Vossler, of Jacksonville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Colnon, Mrs. R. P. Tansey and Miss Tansey have returned from the Buffalo Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Huntington Smith, accompanied by their mother, Mrs. Griswold, have returned from Castleton, Vermont.

Dr. T. Griswold Comstock and wife have returned from their summer outing at Saratoga and Brockville, Canada.

Miss Lydia Crump gave a small reception, Friday last, in honor of her sister, Mrs. James B. True, recently returned from California.

Mrs. James Carpenter, accompanied by her daughters, Mesdames Laughlin and White, have returned from Catalina Island and Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss May Somerville, to Mr. Philip Wilson, on November 6th.

Mrs. Edwin Harrison is entertaining Mrs. Judge Ellison, of Kirksville, Mo., Mrs. Howard Ketchmar, and her sister, Mrs. Cummings, of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Walsh and family have taken apartments at the Southern. Their daughter, Mrs. Charles Palms, of Detroit, is now with them.

Mrs. George Willard Teasdale will entertain on Monday afternoon, Nov. 4th, in honor of Mrs. F. X. Barada and Miss Teasdale, whose cards are enclosed.

Mrs. Powhatan Clark, accompanied by her mother and sister, Mrs. Clemens and Miss Mamie Clemens, is about to return to St. Louis, after three years in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

This afternoon Miss Corinne Francis will give a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Emily Clark Otterson, of Springfield, Mo. Mrs. Otterson enjoys the distinction of being the only lady exhibitor at the Horse Show.

Mr. Davis Biggs, of Kirkwood, will give a dinner, next Friday evening, to several of the brides and grooms elect of that suburb, among them, Miss Judith Brown and Mr. Leslie Dana, Miss Eliza Pitman and Mr. Ben Crosby.

A reception will be given by Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom, of Westmorland place, this afternoon. Miss Hodge, of Springfield, will be the guest of honor. Mrs. Van Blarcom will entertain on Saturday evenings during the winter with little dances.

Mrs. Otto E. Forster will give a large function early in December, in honor of the debut of her daughter, Miss Marie Overstolz. Miss Lucile Overstolz is visiting in the East. Mrs. Forster

will give a series of *dejeuners à la Fourchette* to a limited number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Morshead celebrated their twenty-fifth marriage anniversary on Monday afternoon and evening with two large receptions. Mrs. Morshead was assisted by Mrs. Veenfleit, of St. Marys, Ohio, and Mesdames Southward and Parrish. The serving was done by Misses Lulu Veenfleit, of St. Marys, Ohio, and Mae Winter.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stuart have announced the engagement of their grand-daughter, Miss Effie Stonell Stuart of Pittsburgh Pa., who formerly resided here, to Mr. Noble Calhoun Banks, of Savannah, Ga. The wedding will take place in January, in Pittsburgh, and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart will be present. Miss Stuart is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Stuart, formerly of St. Louis.

Mr. Leslie Dana entertained with a dinner, on Saturday evening, in honor of his fiancee, Miss Judith Brown, and the members of the b-ideal party. Those present were Miss Daisy Brown, who will be maid of honor, and Misses Mary Lee, Gladys Behr, Harriet White, and Julia Eno, who are to be bridesmaids, Mr. Newton Hudson, best man, and Messrs. Will Hudson, Bernard Behr, Davis Biggs and Clipstein. The wedding will take place, Nov. 6th.

St. Louis friends have just received cards for the marriage of Miss Bess Mae Aylworth of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Alfred Henry Shotwell, of St. Louis. The ceremony will take place at the Auditorium Annex, in Chicago, on Tuesday, November 12th, and will be followed by a reception. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Shotwell. Miss Aylworth is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Warner Aylworth, and is well known here. The young couple will be at home in St. Louis after December 1st.

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They do say that in the course of time and evolution, every Scotchman will be born clothed in a mackintosh. So St. Louisans in the future will come into the world shod in Swope's shoes. All St. Louisans who amount to anything, in their own estimation or that of others, wear Swope's shoes. For why? Because Swope's shoes are best in fit, in finish, in durability, and are worth the good prices charged for them. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis. U. S. A.

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### A HUNTER WITH LOVE.

Ernest Seton-Thompson is coming to St. Louis, and should be met by crowded houses. He was here last year, but few people knew of his wonderful artistic and dramatic skill, and his audience was not large; but those who heard him were perfectly delighted. They tell us we must not miss him now.

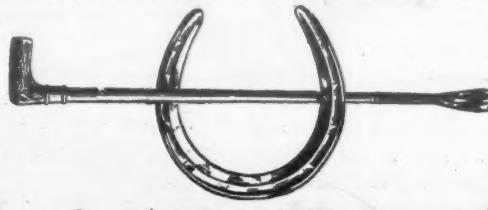
The writer proposes to hear him, to see his pictures, taken in the mountains and woods, and listen to his marvelous stories of animals with minds and hearts;—and then, if he can, the writer will tell the readers of the MIRROR the secret of Seton-Thompson's extraordinary success in lecturing to young and old. They tell us that the boys who hear Seton-Thompson will never again rob a bird's nest nor worry a cat. Can this be really so? I suspect the explanation is that he loves animals; that he sees in them the germs of human passions, instincts and affections. He says he has no use for dead animals—he prefers those that are alive and happy; so he hunts, not with a rifle, but with a camera, and he takes snap shots which do not hurt. The screen pictures he shows are "from life."

Truly, we have here a hunter of a new and admirable sort, and we must hear and see him. Above all, let the children flock to his standard. He will lecture in the Odeon, Saturday afternoon and evening, November 16th, under the auspices of the South-Side Day Nursery Association, an institution worthy of confidence and a most generous support.

W.

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Horseshoe Scarf Pins, set with 20 pearls	.... \$4.00
Horseshoe Scarf Pins, set with 29 pearls	.... \$10.00
Solid Gold Horseshoe and Whip	.... \$4.00
Solid Gold Horseshoe Nail	.... \$3.00
Opera Glasses	.... \$3 to \$60.00

We have just received a new collection of RIDING CROPS in all the newest novelties in handles. Prices from \$3 to \$15.



## MERMOD & JACCARD'S,

BROADWAY, Cor. Locust St.



Young Wife: "There's a gentleman in the parlor, dear, who wishes to see you." He: "Do you know who he is?" Y. W.: "You must forgive me, dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and—and, you don't know how anxious I've been and—and oh, if I were to lose you my darling" (bursts into tears). He: "There, there, dear. Your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right; you mustn't be alarmed. But I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Pellet?" Y. W.: "No, it is not a doctor it is a—a life insurance agent."

A dramatist went to the house of Alexandre Dumas to read two new plays and to get that eminent author's verdict. After he had read the first, "How do you like it?" he asked. Alexandre Dumas, after a moment's reflection. "I like the other better."

• • •

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## AN UNAPPRECIATED POET.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

Here in the West, as in other parts of the world, we sometimes grasp at the shadow and lose the substance. And in the literary hurly-burly you will hear names shouted and acclaimed which are only for a day, while some true seer or poet remains cloistered from notoriety, unheralded by the noisy clamor of the rabble. In solitude the wood-thrush sings. And some men are fated never to hear the words of praise so justly their due until the wind smooths down the grave-grass above them.

Sometimes a book, published hastily and half-heartedly, flutters to earth like a bird with a broken wing. And in such a book may be rare and tender beauty of thought, the trumpet-peal of right against might and the soul of true poetry visible. And yet all may seem in vain. But it is only a seeming and not an actual neglect which awaits such work. In time to come the flowers of noble thought shall blossom, even though for other generations. Like gems plucked from ocean depths by some adventurous diver, the songs of a poet born shall be drawn from the depths of ages to linger on the lips of those to whom the poet's personality is but the fleeting recollection of a name.

There are many who claim the title of Poet and few indeed are worthy to tie the shoe-latches of Poesy. One man I know, who has seldom been mentioned in the list of American poets, and yet whose poems entitle him to a front rank in the list of the singers of this country. His book is his sole claim to recognition, his work is what he is entitled to be judged by.

In 1898, Way & Williams, of Chicago, issued a volume of some 200 pages under the title of "A Book of Verses." The author was Edgar Lee Masters, of Chicago. I doubt if many critics ever saw this book. I know that it was called to the attention of few of those capable of judging true poetry. Faults the book had, true enough. And great differences in the quality of the poems enclosed in it. But almost inconceivably rare as is genuine poetry, this book was and is to be prized because in its pages was stamped the imperishable sign-manual of the singer born, not made. The mark of the real Poet, as distinguished from the devotees of file-made verse, those puny artisans called minor poets.

It is next to impossible to tell the charm of Mr. Masters' poetry. Much of it is tinged with a wistful melancholy. Some of it is as virile as hammer-strokes on a resonant anvil. But there is quality, music, and feeling in it; and a freshness in his treatment of nature like violets under an April shower. I cannot begin better than by quoting:

## AN INVOCATION.

Sweet spring that brings the open sky,  
Fresh water and melodious wind;  
And odors like the thoughts which lie  
In souls grown better, having sinned,  
Life springs anew within the heart,  
Beneath thy smile—all lovely as thou art.

How trivial are the griefs we have,  
How greater is our good than ill,  
And even the singly cherished grave  
So open to the winter's will  
Is overgrown with flowers so fair,  
Death is disrobed, and hope shuts out despair

Breathe in our souls, dear mother earth,  
The natural pleasure which is thine;  
The sweet contentment and the mirth  
Which springs from strength, from peace divine.

Temper our lives to east wind and to west  
And pillow us upon thy ample breast.

How high and fine is this:

## A SONG OF COURAGE.

No cowards are we, though our way has been  
dark with the lion,  
No sluggards are we, our hands from our cloaks  
we have taken.  
We have striven and won all the heights worth  
the having and winning

Our life is a grievous thing, and its moments of  
pleasure,  
Like dew all ablaze with the lightning outspread  
by the morning,  
Are heavy as lead on the wings of the infinite  
spirit.

Our hearts are as urns which are filled from the  
rivers of heaven,  
And sealed with the powers of life, till death  
breaks the vessel  
And the waters return to their source by the  
throne of Jehovah.

We reck not what thunders are stored in the  
clouds that are o'er us;  
We scorn all the lightnings concealed in the  
sheath of the darkness.  
We pass—and no power can alter the trend of  
our beings.

Should we then regret what has been or fear  
what may happen hereafter?  
We are part of the logic that travels from planets  
to atoms.

Whatever has been, it will be, though the na-  
tions deplore it.

The sky is above with its stars and the sounding  
sea is around us.  
We drink in the souls of the dead, and live by  
the strength of the ages.  
The life of the world is a growth, and each race  
of men stands up higher.

I know not why man should survive in another  
existence,  
Nor why he should cease with the unfitting  
death that overtakes him—  
But if the gods strike they must lift him to aid  
them in heaven.

And here is a poem like moonlight in still  
places:

## TO A MOTH.

Soft phantom of the summer eventide,  
From bowers of odorous dusk, thy noiseless  
wings  
Were closed in slumber when the daylight died  
In some rose garden where the cricket sings;  
Round some spent petals charged with summer  
fell

The loveliest harvest of all lovely things,  
Wherein, until the full moon's gorgeous spell  
Awoke nocturnal music in the grass,  
And in the shuddering trees, that haunted dell  
Of flowering bushes, and a fragrant mass  
Of leaves and tendrils, sheltered thy repose.

Whence thou didst flit to thy fierce fate, alas!  
Here in my lamp, whose bright allurement glows,  
A treacherous beacon, beaming out afar,  
As if it were thy soul's abiding star.

Like some full blossom driven by the breeze,  
From twilight and the regions of the west,  
Lit by dim stars, as if untraveled seas  
Beneath stood tideless in unchanging rest:

Or, as if Egypt's level waste of sand  
Lay in submission of the Sphinx's breast,  
Their eyes, these stars; thy mottled wings had  
fanned,

O'er flowery lawns, the balmy air between.  
Eager and palpitant to reach the brand  
Which was thy doom; as one who scorns the  
mean

Twixt earth and heaven, lifting far too high  
His love unquenchable and ever keen  
To some cold flame fixed in the windless sky;  
It was with thee e'en as with us who yearn  
For vaster visions, and whose spirits burn

The risen moon floods valley, hill and plain

## The Mirror

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## The Mirror

13

The cold dew on thy wings. Like some great bard,  
Who, living past his time of song, grows dumb,  
And still the figure of a perished past  
Mutters of triumphs in a time to come.  
But thou, like those whose requiem was a blast  
Of deathless music quickening the pyre,  
Hast won death so, while every mead is grassed,  
Tender and green, thy being's rapt desire.  
Teach us that youth and genius brave his breath,  
And grow immortal at the kiss of death!

Below is one of Mr. Masters' sonnets which I prize highly:

### APOLLO AT THE PLOW.

(Chatterton to his Friend.)

Faithfullest and dearest of the friends I have,  
Forgive me for the weakness which I show,  
That while youth is, its nerve, its spur, its glow,  
Are quite consumed. Forgive me if I crave  
A deep repose, aye, even in the grave,  
Forgive me, that the fires of hope burn low,  
Condemned to ignominious steps and slow  
'Mong ravin' wolves within a prison cave—  
If you could see me now. But what I was  
Thou knowest well—and from thy memory  
Ambition's shape will rise—then quickly pass  
To me the Sampson of these grinding days,  
Apollo plowing lorn and ruefully,  
His harp abandoned in the flowerless ways.

Space does not allow much more quotations from this work of a true poet. "The Vision," "Vulcan," "The Lark," "Romance," "The Vanquished," and others show the passion and spirituality of a man whose lips have indeed been steeped in dreams. For a final quotation I add:

### HELEN OF TROY.

(On an ancient vase representing in bas-relief the flight of Helen.)

This is the vase of Love  
Whose feet must ever rove  
O'er land and sea;  
Whose hopes forever seek  
Bright eyes and vermeiled cheek  
And ways made free.

Do we not understand  
Why thou didst leave thy land,  
Thy spouse, thy hearth?  
Helen of Troy, Greek art  
Hath made my heart thy heart,  
Thy mirth my mirth.

For Paris did appear,  
Curled hair and rosy ear  
And tapering hands.  
He spoke—the blood ran fast,  
He touched and killed the past  
And clove its bands.

And this, I deem, is why  
The restless ages sigh,  
Helen, for thee.  
Whate'er we do or dream  
Whate'er we say or seem  
We would be free.

We would forsake old love  
And all the pain thereof  
And all the care;  
We would find out new seas  
And lands more strange than these,  
And flowers more fair.

We would behold fresh skies  
Where summer never dies  
And amaranths spring;  
Lands where the halcyon hours  
Rest over scented bowers  
On folded wing.

We would have stoles for dress  
And cunning combs to press  
In tangled curls.  
We would have flute players  
And winged thought that stirs  
And dancing girls.

We would be crowned with bays  
And spend the long, bright days,  
On sea or shore,  
Or sit by haunted woods  
And watch the deep sea's moods  
And hear its roar.

Beneath that ancient sky  
Who is not fain to fly  
As men have fled?

Ah! we would know relief  
From marts of wine and beef  
And oil and bread.

Helen of Troy—Greek art  
Hath made thy heart my heart,  
Thy love my love  
For poesy-like thee—  
Must love and wander free  
As any dove.

Here in a city of two million people these songs have blossomed and, excepting for a few, their beauties are unknown. But just so sure as the fire of poetry, once kindled, will not perish; just so truly as that justice must be done at last, so will these lyrics and songs take their place finally. It may be when both poet and city are forgotten. Yet even in his own day it would be an ungracious thing to let such work pass by unsaluted.

Chicago, Oct. 20th.

### FRISCO FORGING FORWARD.

The Frisco railroad, ever on the progressive, has, recently, completed a cut-off road between Miami and Afton, Indian Territory, and has also established a "through" train service between Kansas City and Oklahoma, Vestibule chair cars, sleepers and every appurtenance making for elegance and comfort on board the modern train, are supplied with the company's usual care and regard for detail. Simultaneously with the opening of the Miami cut-off, through chair-car service was established between Memphis and Oklahoma City, via Springfield. The arrangement of coupon tickets from St. Louis to any point on the Frisco route and connections with other railroads will prove quite convenient and one that will be appreciated by all patrons of that line.

• • •

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

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### LI'S COMPARATIVE THEOLOGY.

Before China was "civilized," Captain Conger, United States minister to China, and Li Hung Chang were having a friendly visit when a clerk brought in a large bundle of Des Moines daily papers.

The Chinese diplomat asked the minister if he read all his papers and was answered in the affirmative. Earl Li commented upon the answer and said that China's greatest need was an up-to-date press with daily issues. Mr. Conger replied that, although his papers were six weeks old, he found them interesting reading, and that, in the latest issues, he saw that the people of his State were suffering from the effects of a drought and were praying for rain.

"What!" said Earl Li. "Do your people pray for rain?"

"Yes, some of them."

"Does it rain?"

"Sometimes it does and sometimes it does not."

"Well," said the crafty Li., with a smile, "your God is a good deal like the Chinaman's joss. The white man prays for rain and the Chinaman prays for sun. Meanwhile it seems to shine or shower about as it pleases."—*San Francisco News*.

• • •

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

• • •



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YOU'LL SEE HER AT THE PLAY  
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### SHUFFLING CARDS BY MACHINERY.

A card-shuffling machine has been invented by R. F. Bellows, of Cleveland. It should make business poor for crooked card players. The device is complicated, yet simple in its action. "Card players who want a fair and honest game are enthusiastic in their praise of my machine," says Bellows. "They say it shuffles cards more thoroughly than can possibly be done by hand, and that it is impossible for the dealer to put up a hand to suit himself. I have exhibited the machine to a number of professional gamblers. Some of the keepers of gambling rooms told me they would do all they could to prevent the machine from being put in use, because it takes away all the advantage which the dealer's skill in shuffling gives to the house. But when the machine gets into the rooms where square games are played, the fair players will go there, and the crooked rooms will then be compelled to adopt its use also." The shuffling machine is a metal box about twelve inches high, three inches wide and six inches from front to back. All the mechanism is inside. The cards are dropped in at the top and rest on a tiny shelf. Below this there are five small fingers, one on each of five thin steel blades extending across the full width of the machine. When a shutter on the front is dropped, the shelf falls and the cards drop upon the blades and are separated into five little irregular bunches by the fingers. The blades separate, and one by one cards drop from the various bunches into a receptacle at the bottom, the drop being regulated by a clockwork mechanism. There is no way of telling where any particular card will be found in the pack after they are shuffled. The same card, placed on the top of the pack, will rarely be found twice in the same place after the shuffle.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

• • •

Superfluous hairs, moles etc., permanently removed by Electrolysis. Electrical facial massage for wrinkles, pimples and flabby skin. Mrs. Myra Field, 347 Century Building. Branch of New York Office.

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*She:* "I notice Dr. Singleton calling at the house of that young widow almost every day. She must be pretty ill." *He:* "Not ill; only pretty."

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### RECOGNIZED THE SITUATION.

Among current newspaper flings at the fair sex is a story of a husband and wife who, while driving in an Eastern city, turned the corner into a narrow street and encountered a heavy wagon. There was no room to pass, and the lady, in toplofty tones, demanded that the teamster go back. The husband mildly suggested that it was difficult for the man to back his horses out of the way, but madam was determined. Finally the teamster said: "Never mind, mister, I'll back out. I'm sorry for you. I've got a woman at home just like that."

*She:* "I notice Dr. Singleton calling at the house of that young widow almost every day. She must be pretty ill." *He:* "Not ill; only pretty."

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Best Watches, Mermod & Jaccard's, cor. Broadway and Locust.

## The Mirror

### THEATRICALS.

#### MISS HARNED AS A STAR.

Maurice Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes," as dramatized by Edward Rose, is a rank and undiluted melodrama, of the Havlin Theatre type. It is somewhat out of place at the Century. The dramatization diverges very considerably from the novel. This was the consensus of opinion among the audience Monday night. The place of action is Vincennes and Fort Sackville, Ind.; time, 1778. The leading characters are *Alice Rousillon*, *Jane Bartlette*, *John F. Beverly*, *Father Beret* and the British *Colonel Hamilton*. *John Beverly* is an American spy in the revolutionary army; he gets into various difficulties in his attempt to further *Col. Rogers Clark's* attempt to capture Vincennes from the British. *Alice Rousillon* takes a leading, highly melodramatic part in the capture of Fort Sackville, after baffling the dishonorable methods employed by *Col. Hamilton* in his attempt upon the patriotic, spirited girl's honor. The climax of the play occurs in the third act, when Fort Sackville is taken by the Americans. *Virginia Harned*, as *Alice*, is unquestionably at her best in this act, especially when she taunts the nonplussed British officer with the saucy remark: "You look foolish, Colonel." The last, or fourth, act is very tame and dragging. There is no life, no spirit in it; it is almost silly in its denouement, and could be cut down considerably. It all centers about the effort to bring the two, rather stupid lovers, *Alice* and *John Beverly*, together. *John* "tumbles" at last, and there the story ends.

The star, or, better to say, staress, *Virginia Harned*, is a little too theatrical. One never forgets, while listening and looking at her, that it is all play. Once in a while she strikes the key of nature, and then she is excellent. She is undoubtedly too self-conscious in her acting.

*Thomas M'Grath*, as *Father Beret*, is almost offensive. He is a queer priest. Perhaps the part is acted as it should be. If that is the case, *Father Beret* had reason to thank his stars that his superiors were far away. *Arthur Hoops*, as *Colonel Hamilton*, is distinctly good, in spite of the repulsive role that is portrayed by him. He seems to be the best actor on the stage. The *John Beverly* of *Wm. Courtleigh* is far from satisfactory. It is a clap-trap character, at best.

Costumes and scenic effects are very good, and form one of the most attractive features of the play.

#### MISS ASHCROFT'S "HEROD."

Miss Ashcroft, under the auspices of The Tuesday Club, at the Odeon, Tuesday evening, impersonated the various characters of Mr. Stephen Phillips' great tragedy, "Herod," a drama in blank verse, in a decidedly pleasing as well as forceful manner. "Herod" is one of the finest contributions to English dramatic literature that we have had for many years. It deals with a few of the incidents in the life of the great king of the Jews, principally with his great love for his wife, *Mariamne*. To please the Queen, *Herod* makes her brother, *Aristobulus*, High Priest, then, fearing the latter's popularity and the secret plots to place him upon the throne, *Herod* gives an order to have *Aristobulus* killed. When *Mariamne* discovers that her brother's death was *Herod's* command, her ardent and passionate love for her husband turns to a scorn equally as great,

and the scene in which she accuses him of his deed and turns from him is strong and intense. Miss Ashcroft impressed one with the personality of the tragic character of the play, and displayed remarkable fidelity and discretion in interpreting the delicate light and shade of the varied and complex roles. She possesses histrionic ability of the most classic sort, and well merits the many enthusiastic compliments bestowed upon her by her admiring friends. The final scene in "Herod" intensely moved the critical audience.

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The GRANVILLE, a new family Hotel, on Grand Avenue and Vandeventer Place, conducted on the American plan, by Mr. Bassett Henderson, is a very desirable place to pass the winter.

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#### BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Many readers of the MIRROR have asked that the paper print a sketch of the famous negro, Booker T. Washington. Here is one, taken from the Kansas City Star:

Booker T. Washington's work as an educator of his people, as an author and as a public speaker, has attracted wide attention, has made him a hero among his people and gained for him the admiration of his fellow citizens, and if he were less well balanced he might have been unable to carry his honors gracefully. But he is modest and unobtrusive, and in all respects a fine example of the self-made man. He was born at Halis Ford, Va., "about" 1858. He was a slave until freed by the Emancipation proclamation and never knew who was his father. He was named Booker Taliaferro, probably because there were many prominent people in the commonwealth by that name, but the name Washington he took after he became free. He makes no denial of these biographical points and rather likes to dwell upon them. He speaks of the people of his race as negroes and not as "colored people," and sets them a good example for industry and ambition, coupled with modesty.

Washington's life story reads like a romance. But there are few cheerful chapters in it until one reaches the story of the young man. The child was buffeted about in drudgery and want. As the property of the Malden family he probably had more comfort in the "nigger quarters" than in the poorhouse to which his mother took him in West Virginia. There, as a mere child, he worked in the salt furnaces and then in the mines. While working in the mines and furnaces the child had a chance to get a few months of school every year, but he secured employment with a New England woman and had an opportunity to attend night school, and then at odd times "between jobs," he worked and studied until 1871, when he started for Hampton school, of which he had heard much. Out of the \$6.00 a month, which the woman for whom he worked paid him for his services, his savings were small, and when he reached Richmond on his way to Hampton he had to go to work to get enough money to make himself presentable at the institution. But he became the star pupil of the place, and was graduated with honors, although he worked his way through. After spending a little while in his old home and teaching school he returned to Hampton as a teacher, and then started the institution at Tuskegee, Ala., which will always be a notable monument to his energy and his helpful work in the interest of his race.

The college was started in 1881 in a

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shanty. The idea of a higher school for blacks in that part of the country caused amusement in many Southern circles, and the majority of white citizens who gave the thing any thought believed that the scheme of the young negro enthusiast would be forgotten in a short time. But to-day the Tuskegee college has forty-six buildings on its 2,300 acres of land, and 1,200 pupils, representing twenty-seven States, are being taught in the institution. A new hospital is building, a Carnegie library is under way and a new dormitory, the gift of John D. Rockefeller, will soon become a part of the institution. The students receive instruction not only in the ordinary school branches, but in twenty-eight industries, each pupil selecting the one for which he is best fitted or towards which he has the greatest inclination. In his book, "Up From Slavery," Mr. Washington says: "From the very beginning at Tuskegee, I was determined to have the students do not only the agricultural and domestic work, but to have them erect their own buildings." This plan has been carried out to the present day, and as the institution grows the list of negro mechanics increases.

Washington had seen the people of his race work in a "headless" way, and was determined to better their condition in that respect. "My plan was," he said, "not to teach them to work in the old way, but to show them how to make the forces of nature—air, steam, water and electricity—assist them in their labor." Washington set his people a good example as a workman and as a practical exponent of the principles which he taught. His daughter Portia, who is now a student at Wellesley college, learned the dressmaking trade while at the Tuskegee institution, and his eldest son, who is now thirteen years old, has been working at the brick mason's trade several years without curtailing his regular school course. He has a younger son who thinks himself "cut out" to be a physician. The boy goes to school at Tuskegee, but also works in the office of a physician, and hopes to rise from office boy to the position of a "real doctor." The older boy, Baker Taliaferro, has ambition in the direction of

an architect's office, and Mr. Washington takes pride in showing a letter in which the little fellow writes: "I like my work so much that I want to work at my trade all day. Besides, I want to earn all the money I can, so that when I go to another school I shall have money to pay my expenses."

In the spring of 1896, according to Mr. Washington's words, came to him the greatest surprise of his life, in the form of a letter from President Eliot, of Harvard University, asking the negro President of Tuskegee to be present at Cambridge, at the next commencement, to receive the degree which Harvard intended to confer upon him. At that time he shared the honors with General Miles, Dr. Bell, Bishop Vincent and Dr. Savage, and growls went up similar to those which have been heard from the South since the dinner at the White House took place. At that time, as now, he was besieged by people who wanted him to talk on the subject, but then, as now, his reply was, "I have nothing to say." But he returned to Tuskegee, spoke loudly and often to his people of making themselves worthy of recognition, and by way of leading the column in that direction doubled his work in the interests of his school.

"I formed a resolution," he wrote, "in the secrecy of my heart that I would try to build up a school that would be of so much service to the country that the President of the United States would one day come to see it. This was a bold resolution, and for a number of years I kept it hidden in my own thoughts, not daring to share it with any one." This dream was realized, and the visit of President McKinley and his Cabinet to the school in December, 1898, is the brightest spot in the history of the institution.

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Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

He: "Yes, she is living under an assumed name." She: "Horrible! What is it?" He: "The name she assumed immediately after her husband married her."

## NEW BOOKS.

"The Owl and the Woodchuck," a song story, by W. H. Niedlinger, beautifully illustrated by Walter Bobbett, is one of the daintiest books of its kind ever published. The legend of the woodchuck seeing his shadow, upon emerging from his wintry abode, and other stories, some of which are told in song, are quite pretty. The music is tuneful and simple and, with a fond mother's assistance, "The Owl and the Woodchuck will prove both a source of delight and instruction to the little ones. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.)

"Nonsense, for Old and Young," and "The Tribune Primer" are undoubtedly witty, indeed very laughable. If the "grown-ups" choose to foolishly idle away a few hours reading that kind of literature, in either book will be found mirth-provoking quips, also some exceedingly nonsensical ones, but the children—don't permit them to peruse them if you desire to aid them in cultivating a taste for instructive books. Sickness, death and other serious matters too numerous to mention, are dealt with in too flippant a manner. The adult can appreciate the sarcastic witticisms; quite another construction, however, would be put upon the verses and tales by the unmoulded mind of the child. In any case, there is nothing "worth while" in them and they are anything but what might have been expected to come from the pen of the deceased and beloved child poet, Eugene Field. (Henry A. Dickerman & Son, Boston, Mass. Price 50 cents.)

"The Grip of the Bookmaker," by Percy White, which tells the story of the trials of Philip Gorden and Constance Madrym,—the one of humble, even lowly birth, the other of the *creme de la creme* of English aristocracy—would be, were it condensed, a very interesting story. He, the author, introduces quite too many unnecessary characters, is by far too "chatty," and takes flights of "pretty writing," which, though couched in exquisite language, impress one as forced; in fact, the conscious effort is painfully obvious. The hero, so noble, so true, so innocent, (really too good for this century) is possessed of absolutely no "dash and go," while the heroine—all that can be said of her is that she's an iceberg. Neither is convincing or forcible. Two comparatively minor figures, the bookmaker and his lawyer, are admirably drawn and are, as character studies, more interesting than the principals. The story is never dull or heavy, yet,—well, one could not rate "The Grip of the Bookmaker" Mr. White's best production. (R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.)

The scenes of Maude Wilder Goodman's latest novel, "White Aprons," are laid in two vastly different realms; part in old colonial Virginia and part in the Court of Charles the Second. This historical narrative, through which the author has woven a sweet and inspiring love story abounding in heart interest of the tenderest sort, is based on the episode known as "Bacon's Rebellion," in the time of Governor Berkeley, 1676. The history of Virginia's great struggle between tyranny and popular rights, a hundred years before the Revolution, is rather veiled in a mist of obscurity, which uncertainty, however, but serves to enhance the charm of the romance and lends an old-world imaginative environment, that, to the romantically inclined, is imbued with deepest interest. At the Court of Charles the Second, the heroine, a girl of dauntless

spirit and courage, meets with many notable men, ranking foremost among whom are Buckingham, Kneller, Dryden and Samuel Pepys. The story is, on the whole, invested with a brisk swing and freshness that is quite a pleasing departure from the dull tameness of the modern "popular" novel. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

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A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

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THOUGHTFUL: "Say, boss," he began, "I don't want no money. I on'y ask yer ter pass me inter dat lunch joint and buy me a square meal." "Poor man?" exclaimed the philanthropist; "I can't do that, but the next man you ask may, so here's a pepsin tablet in case you overeat yourself." Philadelphia Press.

• • •

Willie: "Pa, why do they call our language the mother tongue?" Pa: "'Sh! It's because your father never gets a chance to use it."

## The Dressing Chest A NEW ARTICLE OF FURNITURE.



### EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

You know how it is when you get home from the office late and try to dress to go out—you can't find anything! There is a place for every article of apparel and everything in its place.

It is finely finished; height, 5 feet; width, 4 feet; depth, 2 feet; made in quarter-sawed oak and curly birch, mahogany finished.

**It holds** coat, vest, trousers, at full length, hats, collars, cuffs, neckwear, handkerchiefs, shirts, hose, shoes, slippers, jewelry, shaving articles, compartment for soiled linen.  
We make this chest with or without shaving mirror. With mirror the price is \$35.00; without mirror, \$30.00. It takes the place of four articles of furniture—chiffonier, wardrobe, clothes closet and shaving stand. Sent on receipt of price by

**Scarratt-Comstock Furniture Co.**  
BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CURES CATS.

Treatment of household pets by Christian Science methods, according to Mrs. E. C. Hinsdale, a wealthy society woman of Residence park, in New Rochelle, N. Y., is a great success.

Mrs. Hinsdale says that Christian Science has not only cured her, but that it has cured several of her pet Angora cats and helped her to find another cat which was lost for three weeks. Mrs. Hinsdale says that she has received most of her treatment by telephone, without the inconvenience of leaving her house. It is obtained by all out of town Scientists by ringing up the Christian Scientist reading rooms in New York, where a large staff of healers is kept on hand. In relating her own experience, Mrs. Hinsdale said: "I had been sick with stomach trouble for ten years. I was treated by a local healer and was cured at once. A few months later one of my pet cats, Pittysing, was taken very ill. He was so weak that he could not walk nor eat his meals, and I was afraid he was going to die, so I rushed to the 'phone at once and called up one of our healers at the reading room in New York.

"He told me not to fear, that Pittysing would be all right. He said that he would treat me for fear, because the cat would not be well as long as I feared it would be sick. I also gave myself the treatment for fear, and when I went out to see Pittysing, sure enough, he was walking about and meowing for his dinner. After that when any of my cats got sick I would treat myself against fear, and I found that they invariably got well." Mrs. Hinsdale then told how Lalla Rookh, a kitten which was lost for three weeks, was found by simple treatment.

• • •  
An atheist who was badgering a simple-minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass, finally said, "How is it possible for an ass to talk like a man?" "Well," replied the honest old believer, with meaning emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

• • •  
Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

## The Mirror

### THE STOCK MARKET.



#### May We Send An Overcoat to You?

It has been said that there is a time for all things.

It is time to leave when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

It is time to wear an overcoat when you get one.

If you have a topcoat, it's time to don it now.

If you haven't one, we have the fabrics for one, and it is time that you gave us an order to make you one.

Topcoats in the ever-popular Tan Covert—also in the wearful cheviots—made to order as we make things, \$25 to \$40 each.

MacCarthy-Evans Tailoring Co.  
820 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.  
Opp. Post Office.



### HIRSCH'S HAIR DRESSING.

3528 Olive St.

Ladies' and Gents' Manicure Parlors

### PECULIAR TAXATION IN HOLLAND.

Some of the most peculiar of taxation recorded are to be found in the archives of Holland. In 1791, for instance, there was in existence a tax imposed on all passengers traveling in Holland. In 1874 a duty of two shillings was levied on each person who entered a tavern before noon, on those who entered a place of entertainment, on marriages and deaths, and on many other things. If a person was buried out of the district to which he belonged the tax was payable twice over.

• • •

Fine diamonds and other precious gems at lowest prices, at Mermad & Jaccard's, Broadway, corner Locust.

### THE STOCK MARKET.

Wall street affects to be more cheerful and inclined to look for higher prices. The assertion is made that all the bad features have been discounted, and that the movements in industrials will soon cease to have any influence on railroad shares. That a strong effort is being made to lift prices and infuse more life into the market cannot be questioned. That can be seen by every careful observer. The cliques are anxious to attract the public; they are working with all their might to make things attractive. Even the news is getting more hopeful; newspapers are being subsidized, and articles inserted that call attention to the wonderful prosperity of the country. One time, last week, the leading papers had a long paragraph detailing the great profits made in the anthracite coal industry, and the tremendous growth in production. The publication of this news was promptly followed by a sharp advance in coal stocks. There can, of course, be no doubt about the prosperity of anthracite coal companies, but it was very significant and peculiar that the article made its appearance just at the time when bull leaders made desperate efforts to arouse public interest in Wall street affairs.

The only thing that seriously handicaps the bull forces is the monetary position abroad. Attention was called to this in these columns last week. There is a strong probability that the Bank of England will raise its official rate of discount, on the 31st inst., in order to prevent an enlarged and dangerous efflux of gold to Paris, Berlin and elsewhere. The price of gold is rising, and this means that there are rocky times ahead in Europe. The cash holdings of the Bank of France and the Bank of Germany, as announced last week, gained quite handsomely, owing to imports of gold from England and further liquidation in speculative markets, but the "pull-monk-pull-miller" struggle for the yellow metal continues with unabated force. The leading European countries are preparing for the end-of-the-year settlements and new loans, and that means higher interest rates. The discouraging state of affairs is plainly revealed in the weakness of British consols and other high class investment issues.

While, therefore, the things on the other side do not look very bright and cheerful, one must not forget that, in all probability, the end of the most serious phase of liquidation and depression in European centers is approaching. What we now witness, or what may occur in the next few weeks, will only be the aftermath. Bearing this in mind, the conclusion is justifiable that investors will make no mistake in buying European securities of established merit at the current level of values. The time to buy is when everybody wants to sell, and when things look the most dismal and forbidding. People who purchased American securities in 1895 and 1896, and had the courage to hold on to their good things, never had any reason to regret it. The financial clouds in Europe will roll by, sooner or later, and Cassandra prophecies, which we now hear on all sides, will fail of materialization.

New York bankers are husbanding their resources very carefully. They will not permit of wild bull speculation, unless conditions and prospects should warrant it. The Associated Banks still hold a good surplus above legal requirements. There is, of course, the probability of gold exports to relieve the tension abroad, but any outward movement of this kind would not assume

## THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

Capital, - - - \$1,000,000.00  
Surplus and Profits, - 925,402.20

H. A. FORMAN, President.

FRANK A. RUF, Vice President.

J. D. GOLDMAN, 2nd Vice President.

G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier.

VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

## S.E.COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

## WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

### Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST., ST. LOUIS.

## G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

## BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,  
St. Louis Stock Exchange,  
Chicago Board of Trade.

Direct  
Private  
Wires.

### DEALERS IN

### High Grade Investment Securities.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

## JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

large dimensions. Money will soon return from the interior, and the position of the banks be strengthened. The future of the market, therefore, depends on the views of leading bankers. If the big banks act in concert with bull cliques, and think the situation is reassuring, then stocks will go up, no matter what the bears may do to stem the tide.

Manipulation in Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, Reading, Erie and St. Paul was very much in evidence in the last few days. St. Paul touched the highest level reached for quite a while, on various more or less silly rumors. There is an extensive short interest in this stock, and also in Union and Missouri Pacific. The latter gained about 5 points on large transactions, while Union Pacific rose to 103. Higher prices are predicted for them, and also for Southern Pacific and other leading railroad issues. The coal stocks are gaining

## McKnight,

Who has for the past six years made the best Clothes in this city for the money, is now located in his new store,

### 614 Olive Street.

A complete line of Foreign Fabrics always on hand. Personal attention paid to every garment turned out. One trial will convince you.

SUITS, \$20.00 to \$60.00.

PANTS, \$5.00 to \$15.00.

# St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.  
Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

## GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

### Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker. 421 Olive street.

#### CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 1/2 - 103
Park	6	A. O. April 1, 1905	108 - 110
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. April 10, 1906	110 - 111
Renewal (Gld.)	3 1/2	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	102 1/2 - 103
"	4	A. O. April 10, 1908	104 - 105
"	3 1/2	J. D. Dec., 1909	102 1/2 - 103
"	4	J. J. July 1, 1918	111 - 112
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 - 105
"	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 - 106
"	3 1/2	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 - 108
"	3 1/2	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	107 1/2 - 108 1/2
"	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	107 1/2 - 110
"	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 - 110
"	3 1/2	M. N. May 1, 1915	104 - 105
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	102 1/2 - 103 1/2
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about.			\$ 18,856,277
Assessment.			\$ 352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.	I	I
Funding 6.	F. A. Aug. 1, 1903	104 1/2 - 105 1/2
" 3 1/2	F. A. Feb. 1, 1921	102 - 104
School Lib. 4 10-20	J. & D. June, 1920	104 - 106
" 4	A. J. April 1, 1914	104 - 106
" 4 5-20.	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102 - 103
" 4 10-20.	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	108 - 105
" 4 15-20.	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104 - 105
" 4.	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105 - 106
" 4 10-20.	J. D. July 1, 1919	105 - 107
" 4 10-20.	June 1, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 1/2	J. J. July 1, 1921	101 - 103

#### MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s.	1913 75	- 80
Carondelet Gas 6s.	1902 100	- 102
Century Building 1st 6s.	1916 105	- 105 1/2
Century Building 2d 6s.	1917 --	- 60
Commercial Building 1st.	1907 101	- 103
Consolidated Coal 6s.	1911 95	- 100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904 99	- 101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mortg.	1928 104 1/2 - 105 1/2	
Laclede Gas 1st 5s.	1919 108	- 109
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929 115 1/2 - 116	
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930 113 - 114 1/2	
Mo. Electric L. 2d 6s.	1921 117	- 119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s.	1927 92 1/2 - 93 1/2	
St. Louis Agr. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906 100	- 100
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s.	1914 93 - 93 1/2	
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s.	1910 90 - 94	
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s.	1912 90 - 90	
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919 104 1/2 - 105	
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1901 100	- 101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913 100	- 104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908 75	- 80

#### BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '01, 8 SA	273 - 274
Boatmen's	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	24 - 215
Bremen Sav.	100	Oct. 1901 6 SA	265 - 270
Continental	100	June '01, 8 1/2 SA	242 - 243
Fourth National	100	May '01, 5p.c. SA	298 - 299
Franklin	100	June '01, 4 SA	289 - 295
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	230 - 292
German-Amer...	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750 - 800
International	100	Sept. 1901 1/2 qy	145 - 150
Jefferson	100	July 01, 3p.c. SA	165 - 180
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 5 SA	525 - 675
Mechanics Nat.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	241 - 242
Merch. - Laclede	100	Oct. 1901, 20 SA	236 - 240
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130 - 150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 1/2 qy	318 - 319
South Side	100	May 1901, 8 SA	119 - 125
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1901, 8 SA	136 - 142
Southern com...	100	July 1900, 8 SA	110 - 115
State National...	100	Oct. 1901, 1/2 qr.	95 - 197
Third National...	100	Oct. 1901, 1/2 qr.	236 - 238

\*Quoted 100 for par

#### TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Commonwealth	100	Forming	340 - 341
Lincoln	100	Oct. '01, 8 A	284 - 287
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '01, 2 1/2 qr.	443 - 444
St. Louis	100	July 01, 2 qr.	337 - 339
Title Trust	100	---	140 - 150
Union.	100	Nov. '99, 8	369 - 371
Mercantile	100	Oct. '01, 1 Mo.	416 - 418

#### STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s.	J. & J.	1912 102 1/2 - 103
Citizens' 20s 6s.	J. & J.	1907 109 - 111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '98	1905 105 - 107
10s 5s.	M. & N. 2	1913 116 - 118
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109 - 108 1/2
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116 - 117 1/2
do Taylor Ave. 6s.	J. & J.	1913 116 - 117 1/2
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s.	M. & N.	1896 105 - 106
People's	Dec. '99 50c	1912 98 - 103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s.	J. & D.	1912 98 - 103
do 2d Mtg. 7s.	M. & N.	1902 98 - 103
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100 -
do 1st 6s.	J. & J.	1925 103 - 107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100 1/2 - 101 1/2
do Baden-St. L. 5s.	J. & J.	1913 102 - 103
St. L. & Sub.		95 - 98
do Con. 5s.	F. & A.	1921 105 1/2 - 106
do Cable & Wl. 6s.	M. & N.	1914 117 - 121
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 - 115 1/2
do Incomes 5s.		1914 -
Southern 1st 6s.	M. & N.	1904 104 - 106
do 2d 25s 6s.		1909 106 - 108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s.	F. & A.	1916 107 - 108
U. D. 25s 6s.	J. & D.	1918 121 - 122
United R's Pfd.	Oct. '01 1/4	82 1/2 - 83
" 4 p. c. 50s	J. & J.	89 - 89 1/2
St. Louis Transit.		29 - 29 1/2

#### INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	July 1901, 4 SA	49 1/2 - 52

#### MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100	Sept. 1900 1 1/2	18 - 19
" Pfd.	100	Oct. 1901 1 1/2	49 - 50
Am. Car. Fdry Co.	100	Oct. 1901, 1/2 qr.	25 - 28
" Pfd.	100	Oct. 1901, 1/2 qr.	80 - 81
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qr.	110 - 160
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '96, 2	4 -
Central Lead Co.	100	Oct. 1901, 1/2 MO	128 - 138
Consol. Coal.	100	July 1901, 1/2 MO	128 - 135
Doe Run Min. Co.	100	July 1901, 1/2 MO	272 - 275
Granite Bi-Metal	100	June 1901, 1	85 - 96
Hydraulic P. Co.	100	June 1901, 1	45 - 50
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	103 - 109
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1901, 10	102 - 108
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1901, 10	139 - 142
Laclede Gas, p.	100	Feb. 1901, 2 p. c.	139 - 142
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100	June 1901, 8 SA	101 - 102
Mo. Edison com.	100	10	50 - 52
Nat. Stock			

# RACING

AT

## St. Louis Fair Grounds

Beginning at 2:00 P. M., Rain or Shine.

ADMISSION, Including Grand Stand, \$1.00

St. Louis Fair Association,

C. A. TILLES, President.  
JOHN HACHMEISTER, Secretary.

### COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Ethel Barrymore, who leads the cast in Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," to be at the Olympic Theatre the coming week, belongs to one of the few families in this country who have made the stage a profession through several generations. Her father is the distinguished Maurice Barrymore, long prominent in theatricals. Her mother was the late Georgia Drew Barrymore, a remarkably gifted actress in comedy roles, whose death was a sad loss to the stage. Her grandmother was Mrs. John Drew, whom all classes of playgoers loved and honored. Her uncle, John Drew, is one of our foremost actors, and her brother, Lionel, is advancing in the profession. As Madame Trentoni, Miss Barrymore has a role which throws her ability and agreeable personality into broad relief. The comedy is light and fantastic, with its scenes laid in New York in the early seventies. The play is bright, sparkling, graceful—the best thing, in some respects, that Clyde Fitch has done. It has had a big success in New York. There will be Barrymore matinees Wednesday and Saturday at the Olympic.

The old time minstrel favorites, Primrose & Dockstader, will come to the Century, Sunday, November 3rd. They are too well known to St. Louis theater goers to need any extensive mention. A number of new features are introduced this season, the more notable of which are three handsomely mounted scenes of "Sunny, Sunny South." New songs, new jokes, scenic effects, etc., are promised to be up-to-date. The supporting company is a strong one. "The Twins," graceful and artistic pickaninnies; Young & Brother, hoop manipulators; and Zeno, Carl & Zeno, acrobatic performers, are among other good specialties on the bill.

Mr. Guy Lindsley and his always capable and clever pupils will present, at the Germania Theatre, on Tuesday evening, November 5th, Jerome K. Jerome's one act play "Chaos" and that delightful comedy-drama by T. W. Robertson, "Caste." In the latter play Mr. Lindsley will appear as George d'Alroy. A number of box parties have been arranged and this, the initial performance of the regular series of entertainments to be given at the cozy playhouse, during the season, is expected to be well patronized. Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros.' Music Store, Eleventh and Olive streets.

On Sunday, November 3rd, Messrs. Heinemann & Webb's German Opera Company, will present at the Germania Theatre, Rudolf Kneisel's "Die Lieder des Musikanter," a melodrama with songs interspersed throughout, in five acts. Wednesday, November 6th, the company will produce Ludwig Fulda's great comedy success, "Jugendfreunde." The organization is a well balanced one and deserves the hearty co-operation of all lovers of classical German music.

Watson's American Burlesquers, at the Standard, this week, are drawing large audiences. They open with the farce, "A Yiddish Christening," which is filled with ludicrously funny situations and startling climaxes that elicit no end of laughter and applause. Jules Levy and Nathan Cohen do some very clever work, as do also Rosa Gore and Gertie Keith. Watson

## THE STANDARD. CENTURY.

THIS WEEK,

Watson's American Burlesquers.

NEXT WEEK.

## City Sports.

ODEON & Nov. 8 and 9, March 7 and 8, April 4 and 5.

### SIX GRAND CONCERTS

BY

## THEODORE THOMAS

AND HIS

### Orchestra of Seventy Musicians.

Subscription Sale Now On.

BOXES, \$60, PARQUETTE \$7.50 AND \$6.

At Bollman's, 1100 Olive Street.

## Horse Show, COLISEUM.

TO-NIGHT AND FOR THE BALANCE OF THE WEEK,  
WITH MATINEE SATURDAY.

The Best Show Horses in the Country.

The Largest Number of Entries Ever Received.

GENERAL ADMISSION. 50 CENTS.

G. H. WALKER, PRESIDENT.

JOHN R. GENTRY, SECRETARY.

& Crimmins' production of "Julius Caesar in Zeb's Corner," is very comical. Rena Washburn and Cessy Grant dance very prettily and "get off" flashes of wit that are clever. The costumes are very handsome, and the changes are numerous. On the whole, the attraction is the strongest of its kind that has been to the Standard this season. "City Sports" is underlined for next week.

Tourist (to rural postman in Ireland): "How many mails have you here in a day?" "Three—breakfast, dinner and tay."

GERMANIA THEATER.

Fourteenth and Locust Sts.  
Heinemann & Webb, Managers.

SUNDAY, NOV. 3.

DIE LIEDER DES MUSIKANTER

Melodrama with Songs, in Five Acts,  
by Rudolf Kneisel.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6.

The Great Comedy Success,

JUGENDFREUNDE.

By Ludwig Fulda.

Reserved seats and Dozen tickets at box office  
Germania Theater.

THIS WEEK,

VIRGINIA

HARNED

IN

Alice  
of Old  
Vincennes

Matinees,  
Wednesday and  
Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY

Primrose &  
Dockstader's  
Minstrels.

Seats on Sale  
Thursday.

## OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

Joseph  
Jefferson

Thursday evening and  
Sat. Mat.

Rip Van Winkle

Friday,

The Rivals.

Sat. night,

"Lend Me Five  
Shillings"

and

"The Cricket on the  
Hearth."

NEXT MONDAY

Ethel  
Barrymore  
IN  
CAPTAIN  
JINKS  
of the  
HORSE  
MARINES.

Seats on Sale  
Thursday.

## Germania Theater,

Fourteenth and Locust Streets.

MR.

## GUY LINDSLEY

And His Pupils, in

## Chaos and Caste

Tuesday Evening, Nov. 5.

Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros.'  
Music Store, Eleventh and Olive Sts.

## AWAITING EXPLANATION.

BY BARRY PAIN.

I knew Andrew Wise personally. He was a beef-and-beer materialist, redeemed by the brilliance, ardor, and patience of his scientific work. He had no patience with the psychology that denies its physiological father. Nervously, he was sensitive, as most strong men are, but he was not unstable or uncontrolled. In writing he expressed himself, as a rule, very cautiously; in speaking he was free and forcible. He certainly smoked more than would be good for most men; on the other hand he was neither a teetotaller, a vegetarian, nor a drunkard. I have written down his story as he told it to me on his return from Yorkshire, and he has looked over it, and finds it correct in its present form. A few alterations that he suggested have been made. I tell it, of course, as he told it, in the first person.

I've just come back from seeing Dowley. Pleasant surprise for me. He says I'm as right as rain, so far as he can tell; and he went over me pretty exhaustively, too; also, what he doesn't know other people can't tell him. But if I am right I've got to revise some of my opinions. You see, I'm not at all that kind of person, and it ought not to have happened to me, but I've been seeing some queer things.

What things? I don't mind telling you. Mind you, if it had happened to anybody else I should have been ready with the same explanations that you yourself will suggest; I should have said that the whole thing was purely subjective, and that all one had to account for was the brain state which made the deception possible. But I can't accept that in my case; you'll see several reasons for that as we go on. But, however—

Well, my cottage was about a quarter of a mile from any house. The nearest was a farm-house; an old woman came over from there, and looked after me in the daytime; at night I was alone. (My word, it's a grand place for work. You're all alone, and you work because there's nothing else to do.)

One night the old woman had gone, and I had settled myself down with a whisky and soda for purposes of reference and one of Maudsley's books. It was (I shall be forgetting my own name next)—never mind, the book doesn't matter. I was reading when there came a sharp double-rap at the door—the outer door, you understand. I don't know what I supposed—that the old woman had come back for something, or that some tourist had lost his way; but I will swear that up to this point no idea of anything of the kind that is generally called supernatural had ever entered my head. I opened the door wide and saw nobody. I stood for a minute or two looking up and down the road, and then I went back to the room. I said aloud—to reassure myself, which by this time had become necessary—that I had mistaken the sound, and that there had been no rap at the door at all. I said this, but I did not believe it. I knew perfectly well that it had been a rap; and even while I was saying it I got the idea that I was not alone. When I opened that door I had let something in. It might have only been a stray dog or cat, but I felt sure that there was another conscious being in the room with me. I looked about, but found nothing, and settled down to go on with my reading; and, at the same time, I felt very distinctly a chill feeling all round my throat—it was like a band of ice! I did what any

sensible man would have done. I told myself that I had been doing too much reading, and that by day, after a good sleep, these silly ideas would disappear. I put down my book, lit my candle, blew out the lamp, and went upstairs. That night I slept like a top. I felt fresh and good in the morning, until the old woman brought in the breakfast. I had been in the habit of letting her talk. You must speak to somebody or other.

The old woman said: "You had a visitor last night, didn't you, sir?"

"No," I said, and wished that I could believe myself. "What makes you think that?"

She was rather vague in her reply. She said that she had been a long time in service, and that when she came into a room first thing in the morning she always seemed to know how many had sat there the night before. It might be the way the furniture had been moved. She didn't know. I pressed her on this point but could get no more satisfactory reply.

Nothing else of any importance to the story happened that day. But in the evening as I sat reading I became suddenly aware that someone was seated in the chair opposite to me, and—which was worse—that if I raised my eyes from my book I should see him. I could not help it; I looked up and saw a horrible thing. It was a man in evening dress, with a terribly white shirt-front bulging out of his waistcoat. The hands hung down by the sides of the chair, coarse and fat. What made the thing horrible was the stained cloth over the neck; there was no head. It was not only the horror of the presence; I knew what it was there for, and what it wanted.]

I was so frightened that for some minutes it was physically impossible for me to do what I knew I ought to do. But at last I got up, crossed over and sat down in the chair which appeared to be occupied. But it was a comforting feeling when I had assured myself that this was pure illusion. I could pull myself together sufficiently to get upstairs to bed. It is funny how illogical one can be on these occasions; I locked my door and pulled some heavy furniture before it.

I had not been in bed two minutes before I heard sounds downstairs. I heard someone go from the room where I had been sit-

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## The Mirror

ting to the kitchen at the back. The footsteps returned and began to ascend the stair. I could hear them creaking. Outside the door there was a clink of metal as of something being put down on the floor. For a few moments everything was still. Then I was tapped lightly on the shoulder, and heard a husky whisper: "I want your head."

I was out of bed in a moment, and got a light as soon as my shaking hands would let me. I was very badly scared. I dressed quickly, looking round every second. I pulled back the furniture, unlocked the door, and went out. As I did so my foot struck against something. I looked down and saw a heavy meat-chopper and a large knife lying there. They were not there when I went to bed, and were usually kept in the kitchen. I dashed down the stairs and out of the house. I do not mind owning that I ran for a long time.

I left in the morning by the earliest train. But I shall go back as soon as possible, if I can get anyone to go with me. It ought to be interesting. In the meantime it has the peculiarity that no one of the ordinary explanations will cover the whole story.

### \* \* \* SOME LINCOLN ANECDOTES.

The American people take a perennial interest in the stories that Lincoln told. Undoubtedly they were among the sources of his strength. An illustration will bring home an argument where a statement of abstract principles will fail. His remark about the undesirability of swapping horses in the middle of a stream was more effective than hours of speech making. A new book of Lincoln anecdotes, collected by Silas G. Pratt, gives some admirable examples of the President's skill in illustrating his point.

At a time when the New York press was thundering violently at the administration for its dilatory policy, Lincoln said to a correspondent: "Your New York papers remind me of a little story. Some years ago a gentleman was traveling through Kansas on horseback. There were few settlements and no roads and he lost his way. To make matters worse, as night came on, a terrific thunder storm arose. The terrified traveler led his horse, seeking to guide himself by the flickering light of the flashes of lightning. All of a sudden a tremendous crash of thunder brought the man to his knees in terror and he cried out: 'O Lord, if it's all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise.' The correspondent, it is said, pledged the President to try to get him more light and less noise from the newspapers.

On another occasion a delegation from New York urged Lincoln to send troops to Charleston or Mobile with the object of drawing off the rebel army from the Capital. When they had finished the President said: "This project reminds me of the case of a girl, in New Salem, Ill., who was greatly troubled with a singing in her head. At last a man came along who made an examination and said: 'The cure is very simple. Make a plaster of psalm tunes; apply to the feet and draw the singing down.'"

The President's dislike for signing a death warrant gave the War Department much trouble. One day the judge advocate general brought him the case of a soldier who had demoralized his regiment in battle by throwing down his gun and hiding behind a tree. As the man had no relatives to plead for him the judge advocate thought he could get Lincoln's approval of the sentence of death. But the President, after running his fingers through his hair, said: "Well, after

all, judge, I think I must put this with my 'leg cases.'" "What do you mean by 'leg cases,' sir?" the judge advocate asked. "Do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon holes?" the President replied. "They are cases you call 'cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases.' I put it to you, if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs, how can he help them running away with him?"

Shortly before Lincoln's renomination for the Presidency a friend spoke to him about a member of the cabinet who was administering his department with great vigor in the hope of securing the nomination himself. "It is important to the country," the President answered, "that the department should be administered with energy. My brother and I were once plowing with a lazy horse, but on one occasion he rushed across the field so fast that I could scarcely keep up. At the end of the furrow I found an enormous chin-fly on him and knocked it off. My brother asked why I did it. I told him I didn't want the horse bitten so. 'Why,' said he, 'that's all that made him go.' Now" Lincoln went on, "if the Secretary has a Presidential chin-fly on him, I'm not going to knock it off, if it will only make his department go."

When General Phelps took possession of Ship Island, near New Orleans, early in the war, he issued a bombastic proclamation freeing the slaves. A friend reproached the President for taking no notice of this usurpation of authority. "Well," said Lincoln, "I feel about that a good deal as a man I once knew did about his wife. He was one of those meek men with the reputation of being henpecked. One day his wife was seen switching him out of the house. Later a friend remonstrated with him. 'Now, don't,' said the man. 'Why, it didn't hurt me any, and you've no idea what a power of good it did Sarah Ann!'

Lincoln was once impressing on a delegation the need of patience lest some of the border slaves States be influenced to secede. "If there are three pigeons on a fence and you fire and kill one," he said, "how many will be left?" They replied, "Two." "Oh, no," he said, "there wouldn't be any left, for the other two would be frightened by the shot, and would fly away."

Early in the war, before he thought emancipation was practicable, a delegation was urging Lincoln to free the slaves. "If I issue a proclamation now, as you suggest," said the President, "it will be as ineffectual as the Pope's bull against the moon. To illustrate: How many legs will a sheep have if you call the tail a leg?" "Five," the delegates answered. "You're mistaken," he replied. "Calling a tail a leg doesn't make it so."

The question what to do with Jefferson Davis, should he be captured, was a troublesome one. In talking it over with Grant one day Lincoln said: "There was once an Irishman who had signed the Father Mathew temperance pledge. A few days later he became terrible thirsty, and finally went to a saloon for a glass of lemonade. While it was being mixed he leaned over and whispered to the bar tender: 'And couldn't ye put a little brandy in it all unbeknownst to meself?' Let Davis escape all unbeknown to yourself if you can."

To these stories should be added one that Colonel L. H. Waters, of Kansas City, heard Lincoln tell while trying a case in Illinois. He was opposed by a verbose but empty headed lawyer. "My honorable opponent," said Lincoln in his reply, "reminds me of a steamer that used to run on the Sangamon

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river"—he always pronounced it with the accent on the second syllable. "Its whistle was bigger than its boiler. When it whistled it had to stop running, and when it ran it had to stop whistling. That's the way with my opponent. When he talks he has to stop thinking, and when he thinks he has to stop talking."

\* \* \*

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## Sonnets to a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey.

The *New York Times Saturday Review* is a publication the utterances of which are authoritative because uninfluenced by advertising or personal friendship for authors. Its book reviews are noted for their honesty of judgment, not less than for their literary excellence. This is what the *New York Times Saturday Review* of August 10th, 1901, says of "Sonnets To A Wife" by Ernest McGaffey:

IT is not at all easy to explain the nature of a successful sonnet. There is something subtle in the essence of this form, yet it is by no means difficult to recognize a good sonnet. These are indeed few, for the sonnet is the most inexorable form of poetry. To put into the unalterable arrangement of the fourteen lines a thought that shall justify its expression in this form and justify the form at the same time is not given to every one who has a faculty in other verse patterns. If the occasional sonneteer succeeds rarely, he who sets out to write a series of sonnets, addressed to one person and following one line of experience, will certainly make failures.

Of course, the reader will at once recall the wonderful "Sonnets from the Portuguese" of Mrs. Browning, but this series stands to-day as the single successful example of its kind. Petrarch's sonnets to his beloved Laura were not written in a formal series, and it must be recollected that he did not confine himself to this one form in praising his adored one. Shakespeare's sonnets were also written apparently without direct connection. So it must be admitted that when Mr. Ernest McGaffey wrote "Sonnets To A Wife," he undertook no light task. In a volume containing more than three-score sonnets, all addressed to one person, even though that person be a wife for whom the writer cherishes a beautiful love, there are sure to be some pretty poor specimens. Mr. McGaffey has undertaken to touch upon every phase and exfoliation of his adoration, with all its corollaries, and of course, he has fallen into some deep pitfalls.

But if his valleys are profound, his mountains are correspondingly lofty. We are not acquainted with other work of this author, who, we fancy, has made himself known through the columns of the newspapers of this city. We do not know how large or how long has been his training in the molding of English into the highest forms of expression. It seems fair to judge from his work that he has had less experience as a poet than as a lover. He has been bent on making known the depth and the breadth of his passion rather than on mastering all the technic of verse. But he has occasionally found perfect expression for some tender and beautiful thoughts, and he has, therefore, written some sonnets which deserve to live. Here is one entitled "Recollections":

To conjure up old memories; to say  
"Do you remember that in such a June  
An orchard oriole sang to us a tune  
Melodiously from out a branching spray  
Of leafy denseness; or on such a day  
We saw the silver spectre of the moon  
Long after dawn and nearing unto noon,  
A merest wraith of sickle gaunt and gray?"

These are love's echoes faintly heard and fine,  
But ever present, never dim nor mute,  
That you and I in comradeship do share;  
Sweet symphonies that breathe a sense divine,  
Like misty chords that linger by a lute,  
Though all the silver strings are shattered there.

In the book the word "to" is omitted from the third line, but Mr. McGaffey's ear is so true that we are sure that he never wrote the line without the word, and consequently have supplied it. The man who wrote that sonnet is a genuine poet, no matter if he failed with some of the others. And there are other sonnets quite as good as "Recollections," while happy lines and luminous phrases are sown prodigally through the handsomely printed pages. This little volume will be a dear companion to all who know the loveliness of love, to all who can appreciate the voicing of the best emotions that come to a man's heart. Women will find joy in its pages, for they set forth the kind of worship for which every woman craves. It may be that Mr. McGaffey will not again find inspiration to move his muse to such fine songs, but he may rest happy in the assurance that by these sonnets—at least those which show him at his best—he has earned a right to be classed among the most sincere and tender of our recent singers.

The book reviewed above is printed on hand-made paper, bound in white paper-vellum over boards and inserted in a slide case. It was printed in the office of the St. Louis MIRROR and is a model of chaste typography and all-around artistic book-making. It contains a foreword by the editor and proprietor of the MIRROR and it has been the most successful book of verse ever issued West of the Mississippi River.

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